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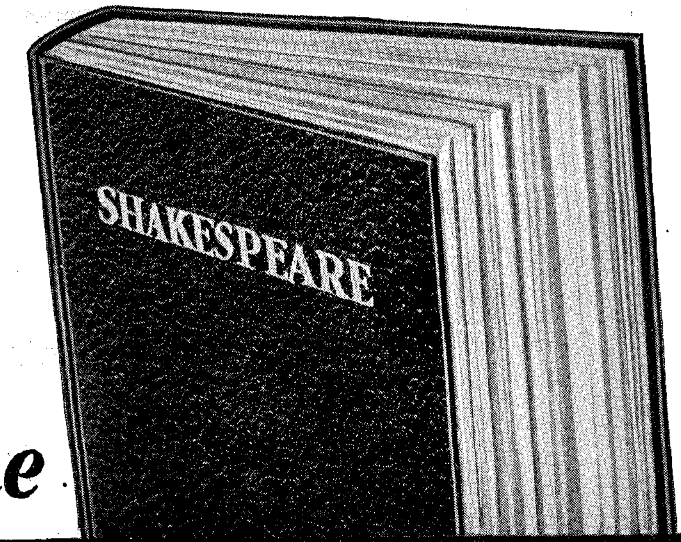

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

September 24.—The German chief counsel before the German Mixed Claims Commission, sitting at The Hague, admits that men in the employ of a German agent infected horses and mules with anthrax germs in New York and other American cities during 1915 and 1916, when the United States was neutral, but insists that Germany was not responsible for the Black Tom and Kingsland explosions of 1916 and 1917.

Dr. Karl Vaugoin, Vice-Chancellor, Minister of War, and leader of the Christian Socialist (clerical) party in Austria, resigns, because of differences with Chancellor Schober.

September 25.—Testifying at the trial of three Reichswehr officers for high treason, Adolf Hitler, leader of the National Socialists, or Fascist party, in Germany, says that the National Socialists refuse to recognize the Versailles Treaty and that a guillotine awaits the men who fomented the German revolution in 1918, if the Fascists ever get into power.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha refuses to accept the suggestion that he be made President of Turkey for life. Under the leadership of Fethi Bey, the new Liberal party take their seats in the Assembly, this being the first time that the two-party system has been introduced.

September 27.—The German Cabinet completes its program of financial and economic reforms, which, it is said, will be put into effect by a national directorate, if necessary.

September 28.—Russian dumping is reported world-wide, and to include leading staple products as well as grain, sold at from 10 to 30 per cent. below world prices, according to European dispatches.

A revolutionary meeting is permitted in Madrid, and 20,000 people hear speakers demand a republic.

September 29.—J. H. Thomas, Minister of the Dominions, affirms the right of the States in the British Empire to secede.

September 30.—Chancellor Bruening of Germany announces the Government's program of fiscal reform to overcome an expected deficit next year of from $185,000,000 to $225,000,000. It is said the Government will put the program into effect by creating a dictatorship, if necessary.

The Earl of Birkenhead, who had been Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Secretary of State for India, and Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, dies at his home in London. He was fifty-eight.

Domestic

September 24.—Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, radios from his ship on which he is returning from Brazil that he will protest the legality of the action taken against him by members of his church while he was in Brazil.

September 25.—A Negro, who is alleged to have attacked a nine-year-old schoolgirl, is lynched near Thomasville, Ga.

September 26.—United States Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, standing on a wet platform, receives the Republican nomination for Governor of New York.

September 27.—Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., of Atlanta, wins the national amateur golf championship at the Merion Cricket Club near Philadelphia, defeating Eugene Homans, of Englewood, New Jersey, by 8 and 7. This is Jones's fourth championship in the year.

Prohibition Commissioner Woodcock announces that "search-warrants issued against private homes can be obtained only on the presentation of evidence of sales," and says "it is extremely difficult to get evidence."

September 28.—Representative John M. Garner, ranking minority member of the Ways and Means Committee, makes public a list of seventeen men contributing $10,000 each to the Congressional campaign expenses of the Republican party, who, he says, had received heavy personal tax refunds or were connected with corporations that have received such refunds.

Daniel Guggenheim, capitalist and philanthropist, donor of the $2,500,000 Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, dies suddenly at his home near Port Washington, Long Island. He was seventy-four.

Eleven countries either revised their tariffs during the first nine months of 1930 in such a way as to discourage imports from the United States, or have increased, or threatened to increase, their duties on commodities imported from this country, according to the Foreign Policy Association's report reviewing the effect of the Hawley-Smoot tariff law on American trade relations.

Ralph S. Kelley resigns as Chief of Field Division of the General Land Office at Denver, charging that the Department of the Interior has failed to protect $40,000,000,000 worth of oil-shale reserves on the public domain in Western Colorado from efforts by large oil interests to obtain titles to them "by fraud."

September 29.—Secretary of the Interior Wilbur refuses to accept the resignation of Ralph S. Kelley, but suspends him and calls for an investigation of Mr. Kelley's charges of favoritism toward oil companies seeking leases in the Western Colorado oil-shale reserves.

Chicago Board of Trade officials tell the House Committee investigating Communist activities that Soviet Russia's short sales of wheat in the Chicago market appear to be legitimate "hedging" operations.

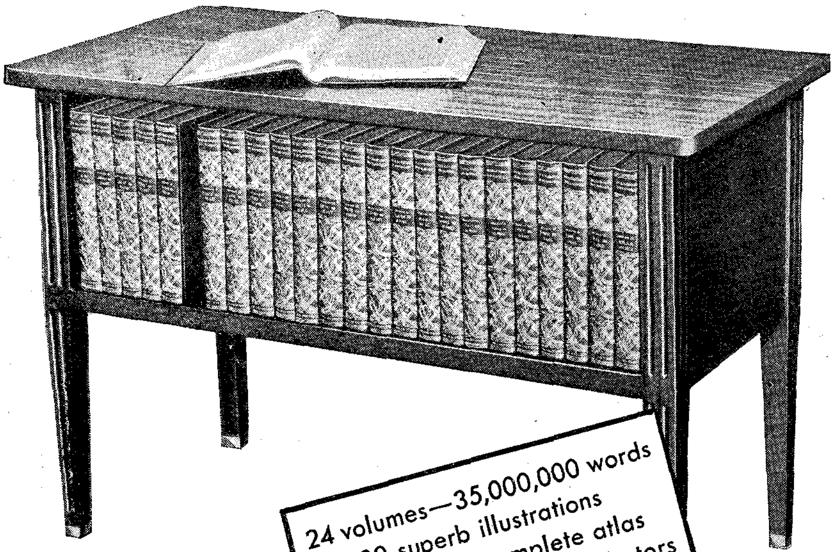
The New York Democratic State Convention adopts a plank in its platform demanding the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law.

The Mecklenburg Superior Court of North Carolina orders the forfeiture of $27,000 posted by the American Fund for Public Service as bonds for seven labor leaders convicted of the slaying of O. F. Aderholt, Gastonia chief of police.

President Hoover appoints Thomas Walker Page of Virginia as vice-chairman of the Tariff Commission, and Chairman Fletcher appoints Leland Harrison, former Minister to Uruguay, as chief of the Commission's International Relations Division.

September 30.—Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt, running on a wet platform, is renominated by the Democratic State Convention for Governor of New York.

MORE FOR YOUR MONEY



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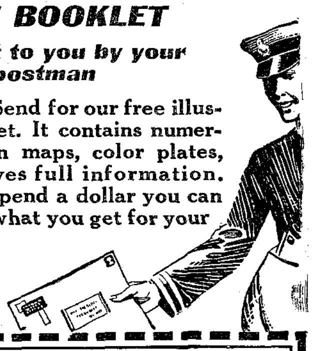

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 11, 1930

TOPICS OF THE DAY

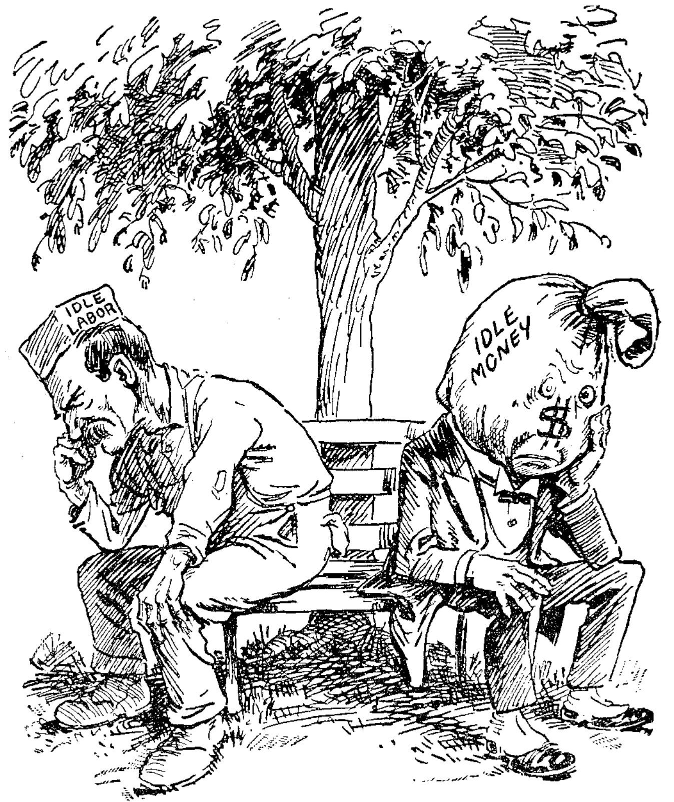
Causes of the World's Hard Times

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WORLD?" Here is a question that has been taxing the brains of economists, financiers, and statesmen all over the earth, and which the League of Nations has just set itself to answer.

Nobody denies that for months virtually the entire world has been passing through an economic slump, altho it is cheering to note the recent statement of Mr. Julius Barnes, of the United States Chamber of Commerce, that things are picking up, noticeably in the United States, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Norway, Japan, and Canada.

What brings the topic up sharply just now is the decision of the League of Nations to ask one of its committees to study economic conditions and make recommendations for betterment.

The one word that has been used more than any other by writers trying to account for the world's present business discontents is "overproduction." But of late, authorities have been finding such an explanation inadequate if not incorrect. Some say that instead of overproduction, it is underconsumption or maldistribution. Some blame the war debts, some the towering tariff walls erected since the war, some call our rulers inept or worse. And a number of our most thoughtful students of political economy tell us that fundamentally it is all a matter of misuse of the world's gold supply. A typical banker, the governor of the National Bank of Belgium, blames underconsumption, intensified by the Wall Street boom and collapse; artificial interferences with prices in Canada, the United States and Brazil; overborrowing in Australia; political agitation in India and Egypt, and the unsatisfactory internal condition of China and Russia. This the London *Economist* calls "a typical diagnosis of the orthodox banker."



Both: "I Wish I Had a Job!"

—Morris in the Charlotte "Observer."

WHILE many complicated forces have been operating, *The Commercial and Financial Chronicle* (New York) feels confident that "no small part of the difficulty is the disastrous interference of governments with what would otherwise be a normal development of industry and trade, the foolish resort to high tariffs and rigorous immigration restrictions to prevent free and natural competition, and the veritable mania of extravagance and speculation to which all classes have fallen victims."

A protest against the simple explanation, "overproduction," is offered editorially by the Washington *Post:*

"Certain fields of industry, particularly agriculture, are overcrowded, but to say that this country or the world is turning out more useful commodities than it should is absurd.

"Hundreds of comforts could be added to the average home, vast quantities of additional clothing could be used, and the number of automobiles in use might be trebled without exceeding the legitimate needs of the people.

"The capacity of people to consume is inexhaustible.

"The world is not producing too much, but the economic adjustment is such that the people are not able to pay for all that is being produced.

"What is needed is greater purchasing power. The United States has done more to expand the purchasing power of its people than any other nation. Operation of industry at the modern rate would be impossible in a civilization with a lower living standard.

"If the standards of other peoples should suddenly be raised to the American level, there would be a serious underproduction of goods, and consequently a wide-spread stimulation of industry.

"European nations have suffered from the current depression far more than the United States because of their shallow domestic markets. A large part of their goods is sent abroad, because the working classes are not paid sufficient to develop extensive domestic demand. In the United States industries produce for the local market and send the surplus abroad.

"American foreign trade is tremendous, but it is only a tiny fraction of the total commerce. A healthy purchasing power makes America the greatest market in the world, regardless of tariffs.

"Attempts to solve the problem of too many goods by curtailment of production is a negative approach. Of course, many adjustments will have to be made, and producers in some fields will have to be shifted to others. But the constructive solution lies in development of the earning, and, consequently, the purchasing power of the masses."

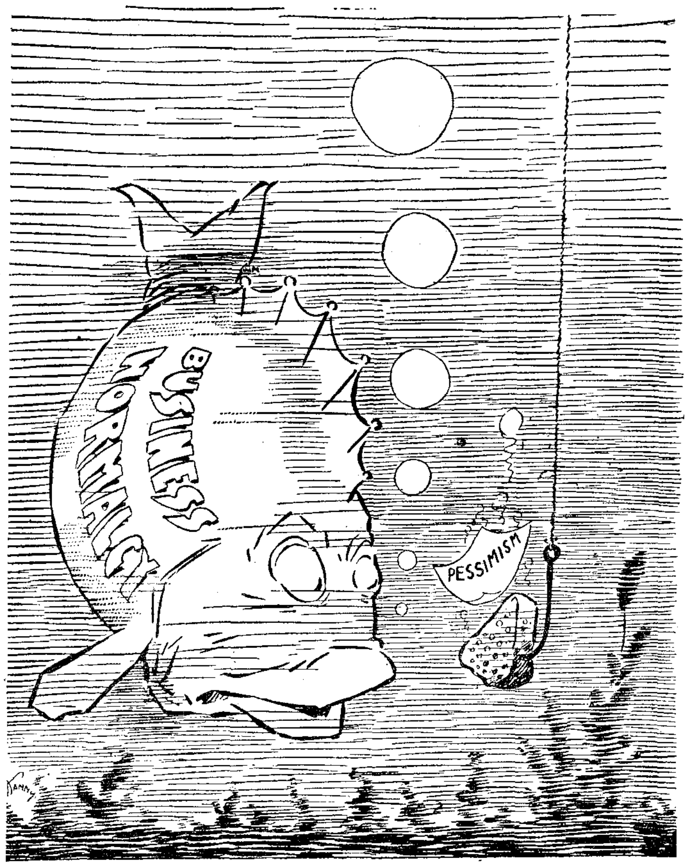
BUT in a sense Europe, like America, is paying a penalty for producing too well, writes Harold Callender from London to the New York *Times*. In a letter summing up the findings of European authorities, this writer says of Europe:

"It is suffering, through unemployment, for its technical skill, for its rapid advance in applied science, for its admirable reorganization of its industries on a 'rationalized' basis, for its quick adoption of improved processes and machinery.

"Its recovery has been so rapid, its mines, factories and laboratories have performed so capably that productive capacity has run ahead of purchasing power.

"Consequently, markets are glutted, prices have fallen, and millions of men are out of work."

IN Central and Eastern Europe the farmers have been producing more than they can sell at favorable prices, which, of course, reduces the farmers' purchasing power and adds to the industrial depression. Great Britain's difficulties, according to Mr. Callender, are due, not to intensification of production but to loss of markets: "Many of her customers, including her own dominions, which used to take her manufactured goods before the war, have gone in increasingly for industrial production themselves." Several writers on economics are quoted as arguing that we are all suffering from a tendency to overproduction inherent in an expanding and accelerating machine industry. In the words of Mr. J. A. Hobson, "productive power, under the impetus of modern scientific technique or organization, is growing ahead of the expansion of markets." Attention is called to other economists who find the fundamental cause of the depression in the restriction or concentration of the world's gold supply. And then there are the new tariff walls which are encouraging uneconomic manufacturing in many localities.



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The Wrong Kind of Bait

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

The whole trouble, in the opinion of the National City Bank of New York, as exprest in a recent bulletin, is the upsetting of the world's natural industrial equilibrium, which dates back, of course, to the World War:

> "The war disturbed established relations by giving an enormous stimulus to production outside of Europe, particularly in staple products, and the low prices resulting since the war in some instances have stimulated efforts to increase production as a means of making up for lower prices, as witness a further increase of wheat acreage in Australia this year.
>
> "Furthermore, legislation for the protection of home industries and to secure favorable trade balances for the protection of gold reserves has promoted a further increase of production for home markets, this causing a congestion of supplies in open markets, breaking down prices there, and eventually affecting prices even in the protected markets.
>
> "The desire to build up home industries is not new, but the efforts for economic independence were stimulated by the war.
>
> "The idea prevails that it is safer to rely upon home production and home markets than trust to advantageous trade. It seems plausible, but carried to its logical conclusion it would mean that every person or family should be an independent unit, supplying all its own wants. That would dispose of all the conflicts and maladjustments arising from industrial organization.
>
> "The world has too much sugar, coffee, wheat, textile materials, and other staples, traceable largely to undue stimulation, either by the war or legislation. The goods pile up in the warehouses, prices break, and the producers are unable to buy manufactures because their own incomes are reduced.
>
> "Japan, India, and other countries, in the past large importers of textiles, have become producers on a low-cost basis, and are bent not only upon securing 'economic independence,' but achieving positions in the export field. Moreover, it is impossible to refer to the relations of Asia to the present situation without considering the abnormal conditions existing in China, India, and throughout the former Russian Empire."

THE nations of the world, as J. C. Royle puts it in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington, are following the procedure of the smoker who "rolls his own." In other words, "they are using every effort to cut down each manufacturing process which may yield a profit to others or increase the price to themselves." Each nation is trying to produce as much as possible of its own foodstuffs, to manufacture its own clothes, to refine its own petroleum, to buy wheat instead of flour. This, of course, has an upsetting effect on the world market.

Another upsetting factor is noted in a Swedish banking publication, quoted by the London *Economist.* This is the wide shifting of consumer demand from staple articles to products of a more luxurious and varied character. This, explains *The Economist,* "has three important consequences":

> "In the first place, it renders a large part of the equipment of certain industries permanently superfluous, and requires a change-over from the production of coarser to finer grades of food, textiles, and other articles of universal consumption; secondly, it reduces the scope for mass production with its attendant economies; and lastly, as demand for luxury goods is more fickle than that for staple articles of food and clothing, it means not merely an immense initial adaptation of industry to new conditions, but a permanent state of comparative instability in which similar acts of adaptation over smaller areas of production at a time will constantly be required.
>
> "As this change in the general character of demand is consequent upon the leveling up of the standard of living and the increase of leisure which have been going on steadily since the war, and will, it is to be hoped, continue, this increased instability of industry must be accepted as a new element in world economics which has come to stay.
>
> "Concurrently with this development has come the industrialization of backward countries, so that markets which might have taken the coarser products of the textile industries in the older countries, when the home demand shifted to finer products and to silk and rayon, have instead been supplied to a large extent from their own newly established factories, and the world productive capacity has become redundant."

"BUT the real cause of the whole upset in world trade lies in the enforced fall of general prices through the restricted basis of monetary supply," declares *The New Statesman,* one of a large group of British and Continental journals and economists to look upon the concentration of gold in France and the United States as a fundamental cause of depression. Here the London *Statist* and *Economist* agree with economists like Sir Henry

Strakosch and Sir Josiah Stamp of England and Gustav Cassel of Sweden. *The Economist* sees "a real danger, for the gold internationally available may prove insufficient to permit the recovery of prices and expansion of trade." We can not here reprint any of the long technical discussions leading to these conclusions. But it is interesting to notice what has recently been announced by the BEAMA—short for British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers Association. A statement made public by this important organization in a recent survey of trade conditions contains this statement as quoted by the London *Daily Telegraph:*

> "The international working of the gold standard has been rendered impossible by Reparations, and by the American debt settlements.
>
> "The United States and France between them have absorbed the equivalent of the world's production of gold since January, 1929, and deprived the Central Banks of £50,000,000, all of which represented money required to finance the consumption of goods by the great primary markets, and to keep trade active.
>
> "At the present time, owing to the absorption of gold by these countries, every important market in the world, above all in South America and in the East, has been deprived of the means for financing trade revival, and it is difficult to believe that improvement will take place much before 1932.
>
> "A lasting trade revival is dependent on the abolition of Reparations, and the resumption of foreign lending on a large scale by the United States and France."

Finally, John T. Madden, of New York University and the Alexander Hamilton Institute, returns from Europe, where he has been corresponding for the New York *Journal of Commerce,* to say that one great trouble is the "political ineptitude" of national leaders. "Europe as a whole lacks economic and political leadership," he writes in the New York daily:

> "The masses are turning to any new idea which appears to offer a solution to the painful situation existing at present.
>
> "The adverse political situation has caused a feeling of uncertainty, has hampered the initiative of the *entrepreneurs,* has made capital hesitant, and has, one may say, paralyzed the economic will-power of most nations in Europe.
>
> "Given sounder political policies and the breaking down of international trade barriers, Europe should recover within a short period from her present depression, and enjoy the high degree of prosperity which is rightfully hers."

Oil Scandal Again?

The cry of "Stop thief!" from grabbing oil-shale lands potentially worth $40,000,000,000, in Colorado, raises a press sensation voiced in editorial head-lines like "One Teapot Dome Is Enough," and "Better Investigate."

Ralph S. Kelley, five years chief of the field division of the General Land Office at Denver, and twenty-five years in the Interior Department, utters the warning cry in an open letter of resignation to Secretary Wilbur.

Acme photograph

A $40,000,000,000 Oil Plot
Is charged by Ralph S. Kelley.

He charges that "concession after concession" has been granted to the thoroughly organized oil interests which are getting shares of this huge prize, "not because they are rightfully entitled to such consideration, but purely and simply as conciliatory measures because of great political or other pressure brought to bear upon the Secretary." In the oil-trespassing combination, he alleges, "are several of the very concerns whose fraudulent practises have so recently been exposed in the investigations and trials of former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, Harry F. Sinclair, and others."

"Nonsense," says Secretary Wilbur, according to reporters. He asks the Department of Justice to thoroughly examine Mr. Kelley's "reckless and false statements." He refuses to accept Kelley's resignation, suspends him, and orders him to file names and dates of specific transactions. He further announces welcome to the fullest investigation of "the whole oil-shale question." His official Department statement explains that under the oil conservation law of 1920 and Mr. Hoover's order, no lease or permit has been issued for oil-shale lands by this Administration. The Department contested claims to some 9,000 acres based on the law prior to 1920—others are pending of the same kind—which were only granted under a ruling of the Supreme Court.

Correspondence from Washington further explains that the Kelley charges chiefly revolve about the validity of these pre-1920 claims to land which now produces practically no shale oil, because extraction is too expensive; possibly new processes might make it commercially profitable.

Mr. Kelley tells the press that Secretary Wilbur's statement needs "clarification" and he is ready to make good on his charges.

What Do You Know About That?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4

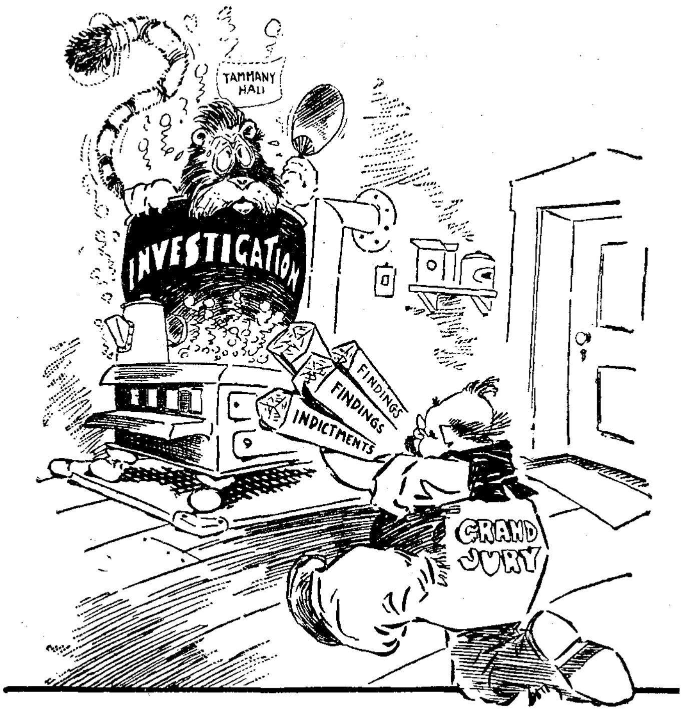
1. What is aquaskiing? (p. 48).
2. Are the English musical? (p. 19).
3. Why should men wear light clothes? (p. 27).
4. How does one catch a swordfish? (p. 38).
5. What do farmers' wives think of birth control? (p. 21).
6. When did Theodore Roosevelt despair? (p. 33).
7. How do country people stand on Prohibition? (p. 21).
8. What new calling for poets does "A. E." advocate? (p. 20).
9. What American has been elected Judge of the World Court? (p. 13).
10. How is ball-lightning caused? (p. 27).
11. How has Darwin landed among the saints? (p. 22).
12. Why is Soviet Russia's "dumping" considered a world menace? (p. 11).
13. Who had his clothes washed by an ex-President? (p. 33).
14. How do you pronounce Alnwick? (p. 20).
15. What blood reaction in children is seen from mixed marriages? (p. 27).
16. What golfer was trailed recently by 18,000 fans? (p. 42).
17. Where has beer-gang murder of Prohibition agents broken out? (p. 13).
18. What is Spain doing to Carmen? (p. 18).
19. How was a hole burnt in fog? (p. 27).
20. Is the infant mortality rate rising or falling? (p. 23).
21. Does China put a ban on teaching Christianity? (p. 22).
22. What is our most serious cause of blindness? (p. 24).
23. Who are the Nazis? (p. 15).
24. What European country expects to have 80,000 miles of airways in 1933? (p. 16).
25. What nomads plague both Turks and Persians? (p. 17).

Franklin Roosevelt at the Fork in the Road

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT OF NEW YORK is in a tough spot. In the phraseology of the New York *Telegram*, he stands "hesitant at the forking of the road of his political career." Which way will he turn?

Whichever way it is, a host of editorials from all over the country assure us, the effects will be felt far beyond the borders of the State of New York, and long after this fall's election.

Governor Roosevelt's predicament may be summarized thus: He is running for reelection to his present office. He is a Democrat, and he is opposed by Charles H. Tuttle, Republican, former United States District Attorney in New York City, who has made a specialty of Tammany investigations.



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He Knows of a Lot More Comfortable Places
—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

Governor Roosevelt is not a Tammany man. But practically every one agrees that he needs Tammany support in New York City in order to win. The New York *World*, indeed, tells us that the Tammany-controlled Democracy of New York cast 53 per cent. of the party's vote for Governor in the last election.

Recent New York City scandals, chiefly concerning the bartering of places on the bench, have involved Tammany and Tammanyites to an unpleasant degree. Mr. Tuttle, who has investigated some of these matters, is believed to have obtained much of his campaign ammunition in this manner.

Governor Roosevelt is believed to have Presidential aspirations, which would be strengthened by a victory this fall.

If he rejects Tammany support and is defeated for Governor, he would have that much less chance nationally in 1932.

But if he accepts Tammany support and is reelected this fall to his present office, may not this connection later prove a liability, rather than an asset? The Nashville *Banner* (Ind.) suggests this ultimate impasse, as does also the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.).

As for the result of the New York scandals on this immediate State election, in the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) we read that the Governor's associates are revising downward their predictions of the majority by which he will win. Once nothing less than 100,000 or 200,000 was suggested. But now, according to *The Times*, a more modest 50,000 is being mentioned.

New York State comment plays over a wide range. The Schenectady *Union-Star* (Rep.) tells us that the Governor "has been in bad company so long that, altho his personal honor is not sullied, his political connections have become unsavory." While *The Telegram* (Ind.) depicts his dilemma thus:

> "One fork of the Governor's road leads to half-way measures, to compromise and equivocation in the answer of this challenge, which is yet not the exclusive challenge of Candidate Tuttle, but the challenge of all citizens of whatever party who believe that government is a sacred trust and not a racket.
>
> "The other fork of the Governor's road leads on toward true statesmanship, which, after all, calls only for a direct expression of Franklin D. Roosevelt's natural instincts as a man and a citizen."

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT has shown himself the statesman, declares *The Telegram*, as it cites his stand on water-power, prisons, Prohibition, and other questions. But, it continues:

> "In the matter of the New York City scandals, Governor Roosevelt has been crucially disappointing. By failing to do his mere duty as Governor he has given comfort and aid to the enemies of a clean judiciary and of decent government.
>
> "If in his stopping far short of the sweeping action called for he is restrained by a sense of bounden loyalty to the political organization whose aid he has accepted both in election and Legislature, then he has tragically made himself a Faust, and sold his soul to the devil.
>
> "Is it fear of Tammany? Then fear would be as shortsighted as shameful. Were Tammany sporadically to knife Roosevelt in the coming election it would do so at the grave risk of electing Tuttle, who would be a two-year menace and scourge to Tammany.
>
> "But in the present crisis Governor Roosevelt should scorn to trifle with political expediency. He should and could be so big that Tammany could not knife him."

SOME comfort for those who wish the Governor to break with Tammany Hall may be found in the reports of the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse. Richard F. Warner, reporting the meeting for the New York *Evening Post*, repeatedly pictures the Al Smith-Roosevelt wing of the party as opposing the Curry-Tammany-Walker wing. Former Governor Smith, indeed, furnished most of the highlights of the convention by his attack on corruption, according to Mr. Warner's report, which says:

> "The delegates applauded, but the delegates knew exactly what it was all about—Al Smith versus Curry.
>
> "The ex-Governor said the city corruption plank in the Republican party platform 'can not be aimed against the Democratic party as a whole or against Governor Roosevelt.'
>
> "He said men who have corrupted public office should be driven from the party, and should be brought before 'the bar of justice.'
>
> "At Syracuse Governor Roosevelt proved himself the 'Boss.' Outwardly all was pleasant. Mr. Curry sat in on the conferences as Democratic leader of Manhattan. The members of the two groups—the Roosevelt-Smith group and the Curry-Tammany group—made no untoward remarks, and when they met they smiled pleasantly enough. But there was a very real undercurrent of realization on the part of Tammany leaders that Governor Roosevelt intends to answer the issue raised by Mr. Tuttle, and try to show the public that it is he who is bigger than Tammany."

BUT, as we have already pointed out, interest in the New York situation is far more than merely a State issue. Here is a typical instance of the national view-point, an analysis of conditions by the Indianpolis *Star* (Ind.):

> "Tammany always has been a disagreeable factor in national Democratic campaigns. Formerly the organization was content to dominate New York politics and enrich itself from the pockets of metropolitan taxpayers. Since it has sought to enlarge the scope of its operations to include the national field, Tammany has been a constant source of embarrassment to Democratic leaders in most of the States."

Russia's "Dumping" War Challenge

RUSSIA'S "DUMPING," not merely of wheat, but of coal, oil, manganese, lumber, wood pulp, and other products, raises the ogre of an "irrepressible world conflict."

It looms up in the press as desperate economic war by a "Soviet government business enterprise, which outdoes in size and scope anything the world has ever seen," against all capitalistic States.

Besides the startling wheat barrage which staggered the world markets, news dispatches tell us of Soviet coal and lumber in New England cheaper than it can be had from other States or from Canada; Soviet wood pulp for newsprint paper in Atlantic coast cities—below cost of Canadian production; Soviet apples cutting out Oregon apples in Hamburg, Germany; Soviet flax ruining production in France; Soviet soap thrown into England; Soviet agricultural products flooding the neighboring Baltic States.

What are the countermoves like?

By no means concerted action, dispatches say.

United States anti-dumping laws are declared to fall short of reaching such a foreign government business monopoly, altho Washington pressure, under the wheat fright, leads the Chicago Board of Trade to ban as a "seriously objectionable new development," the selling of grain futures upon our exchanges "by any foreign Government." Treasury Department embargoes on Russian goods, alleged products of convict labor, have been sought, but not enforced, presumably, some say, lest certain Russian purchases in this country might be jeopardized.

Indeed, David Lawrence reports from Washington, that the clash between the Communistic régime and the American economic system is giving a new turn to the Russian problem; that at present "there is no law which reaches the agent of foreign governments who may be engaged in operations that affect adversely the markets in American products." Renewed Congressional demand for Soviet embargoes is already heard, he adds, yet the "unloading of Russian products is taking place in many countries, and, with the Russian Government controlling production and wage scales, it is possible for the Communist régime to underbid the workmen of other countries."

FRANCE is planning to revive the century-old "padlock" customs law, according to several cable correspondents. This authorizes government prohibition (100 per cent. *ad valorem* duty) of goods coming from a country whose economic policy is considered inimical. Russian cereals, petroleum and coal, correspondents say, will be primarily affected.

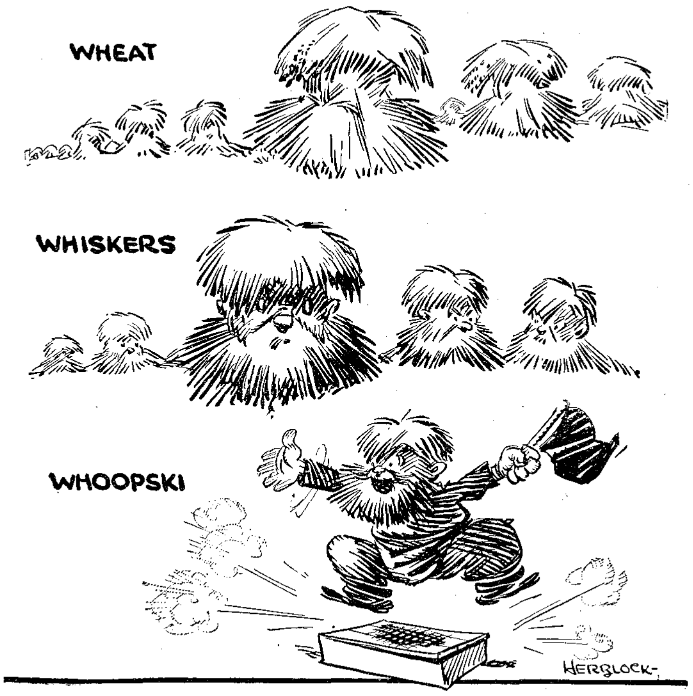
London dispatches play up proposals for establishing a quota system to meet the grain situation, and emphasize the Soviet trade "menace" as one of the big Empire trade problems to be dealt with by the current Imperial Conference.

Something like hysteria struck the League of Nations representatives assembled at Geneva, correspondents agree, when the Soviet wheat barrage came on.

The economic committee proposed a world conference on wheat, and formally decided to "condemn the unhealthy practise of dumping."

Sweden fathered a resolution, backed by seven other of the smaller European States, for League investigation of "favored-nation" clauses and possible antidotes for dumping. According to Albin E. Johnson's cable from Geneva to the New York *World:*

> "While on the surface Russia has been chiefly denounced during the Assembly, *The World* is authoritatively informed that Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, Poland, and the United States are regarded as equally culpable of dumping by many countries which are desirous of maintaining the greatest possible measure of free trade.
>
> "American dumping of machinery, automobiles and industrial products is considered equally as menacing as Russian dumping of wheat, wood, hides and furs, by several delegations here.
>
> "Czecho-Slovakia is charged with dumping glass products and sugar, while Poland and Germany, it is alleged, are both dumping cereals, rye and oats extensively. The Swedes admit that they themselves are guilty indirectly of dumping certain manufactured products.
>
> "Russia is not regarded as bad an offender now as she might become should her five-year plan for the industrialization of the country be successfully carried through."



Russian Export Crops
—Herblock in the Chicago "Daily News."

GERMANY'S attitude is "puzzling," we are told. But German Foreign Minister Curtius is said to have issued an official statement, declaring that Germany "would not participate in any discussions whatever aimed at Russian trade."

From Hamburg, Germany's "largest seaport of continental Europe," which Kendall Foss reports is "the base of a greater part of the Russian operations," he sends an elaborate account of Soviet trade practises to the New York *Times*. Prices of a score of the world's leading staples besides grain are being cut from 10 to 20 per cent. below world prices, we read, "by skilled Russian traders of a shrewdness and keenness which command the great admiration of those who come up against them." Representing a government business enterprise no European "cartel" can begin to parallel,

> "Their Soviet backing can afford to take a heavy and sustained loss in one commodity while promoting another. Each commodity is as big and powerful as many of the huge trusts, whose power is often believed to be dangerous. Yet each is only a detail in the national economy."

Where does international cooperation come in to fight it out against such competition? On this point the *Times* man asks the Hamburg ship man, why take on the devastating cargoes? "If we don't, Britain will," he answers. "Why shouldn't we try to get as much of the business going as we can?" "While there is something akin to national alarm here over the dumping threat," cables Joseph Grigg from London to the New York *Sun* foreign service, "the chartering of ships by the Soviet has been a boon to ship owners. Most of the 170 vessels chartered are British." The United States Department of Commerce reports that during the first half of 1930, American sales to Russia increased from $30,875,000 in 1929 to $73,223,000—a gain of 137 per cent. And frequent reference is made to the significance of our "big concern" purchasers of Soviet commodities, like the International Paper Company, the Steel Corporation, Bethlehem Steel, and Standard Oil.

The strategic situation at the moment is that "the capitalistic countries bewail dumping, and the Soviets protest against strangling," according to Gerville Reache's Paris cable to the Consolidated Press.

Moscow dispatches claim that Soviet Russia is fighting for her life, under the five-year agro-industrial program, against a "financial blockade."

"The Soviet Menace to All the World," "Can Russia Be Curbed?" and "The Russian Challenge" are typical head-lines of editorials in our press. Under the first title the Philadelphia *Inquirer* describes the present action of Moscow as "a sacrifice sale of goods, in effect seized from Russian owners, at any price the Government chooses to pay," in order to raise money to meet foreign bills coming due for equipment that shall make the country self-sufficing under the Five-Year Plan of absolute Soviet control:

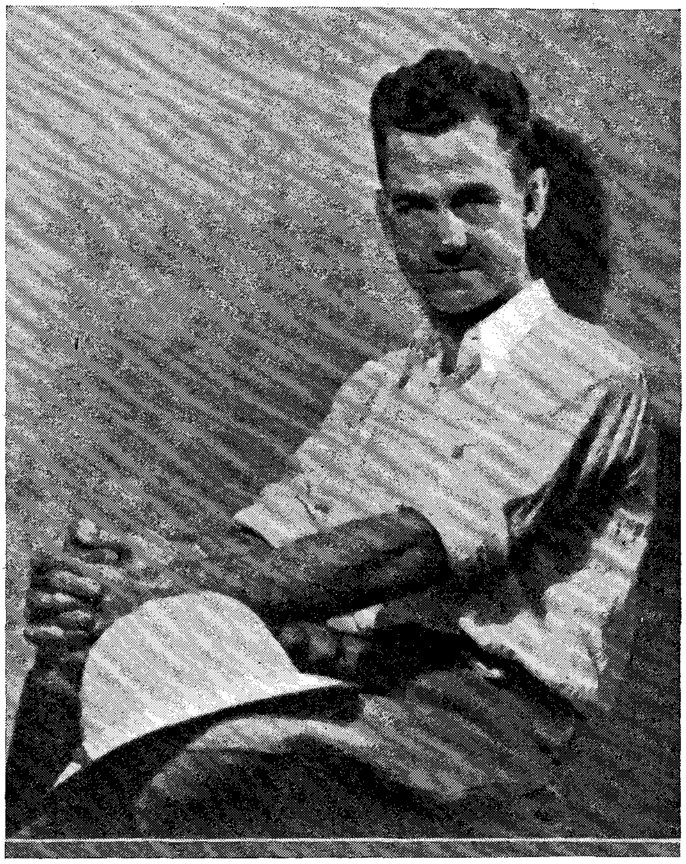
> "The ultimate aim is to demonstrate the efficiency of the Communist or collective system and make it a rival with which 'capitalistic' countries can not cope. It is hoped that thus the gospel of Bolshevism will spread all over the earth to the ruination of its foes."

Russia's challenge is in the new field of economic coordination, according to an illuminating detailed article by John Carter in *Scribner's Magazine.* Under the Five-Year Plan, based on collective economic principles, Soviet Russia is building a new type of productive and distributive machinery, we read. "With every major aspect of economic life dominated by trusts, and the trusts coordinated by the State, the result is to put Russia in the position of being the only nation in the world which is attempting to regulate all of its economic life on a national basis." American equipment, brains, and methods are being utilized. Coordination extends to handling foreign trade through unified agencies, with as simple and direct purchasing and selling methods as that of any large American company, run by the State and merged with the policy of the State. If a country displeases Russia, she can cease buying its products, as happened in England. "A significant new feature of the new Russian-English commercial agreement is that the Russian trade commissioners have diplomatic status, so that breach of diplomatic relations will automatically bring about a breach of trade relations." The challenge of such a system is to ability to compete with it.

Lowell Thomas "Digest" Broadcaster

THE NEW RADIO VOICE of The Literary Digest—Lowell Thomas—has been heard in various parts of the world by more than 4,000,000 auditors. But this is the first time it is accessible as a regular feature to the many more millions of radio listeners who are especially interested in the Literary Digest's daily broadcast of current events.

War correspondent, world traveler, and author, Lowell Thomas is known wherever the English language is understood. There is hardly a part of the globe that he has not visited.



Photograph by Hal Phyfe

Lowell Thomas, the "Digest's" New Radio Voice

As a miner and newspaper editor in the Cripple Creek mining district in Colorado, Lowell Thomas's life had been full of adventure and action even before the United States entered the World War.

Then he was selected by the late President Wilson on a special mission to the Allied Armies for the purpose of obtaining material for an official popular record of the campaigns on the Allied fronts.

This work took him to the Near East, where he accompanied Field Marshal Viscount Allenby on his famous conquest of the Holy Land, and where a real Arabian Nights' atmosphere enveloped Lowell Thomas with his discovery of Colonel Lawrence, the British mystery man of Arabia.

Hear Lowell Thomas himself tell the story:

> "Down Christian Street came a man drest as an Arab. I noticed him rather closely for some reason, and was startled by the fact that his complexion was very light and his eyes blue.
>
> "One man in Jerusalem I felt sure could tell me who this strange-looking sheik was. I called on Gen. Ronald Storrs, and asked him who the mysterious Bedouin could be.
>
> "'Oh,' said General Storrs, and crossing the room he pulled open a pair of portières and revealed my blond Arab seated at a desk. 'Meet Colonel Lawrence,' said General Storrs, 'the uncrowned King of Arabia.'"

That was the beginning of Lowell Thomas's association with Colonel Lawrence, whom he accompanied into the Arabian Desert, which they call the "blue." He was there to watch Lawrence's strategy in guerrilla warfare against the Turks. From this venture he emerged with one of the most thrilling tales of modern times. Millions have heard him tell it from the platform.

But vastly different will be his broadcasts of the news for The Literary Digest. They will consist entirely of actualities of the day projected against the background of Lowell Thomas's picturesque, strange, and adventurous experiences as a war correspondent, world traveler, and explorer.

To supplement the accompanying portrait study of Lowell Thomas, we may quote the description of him given by Douglas Gilbert of the New York *Telegram.* Mr. Gilbert says:

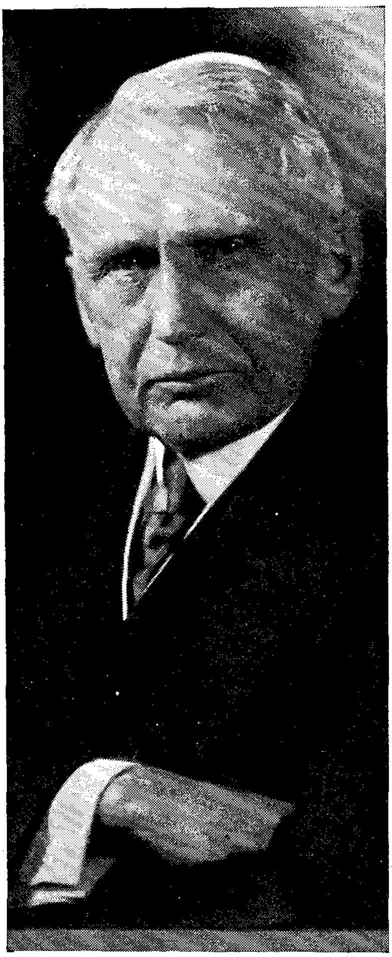
> "He looks like a banker, but he is the best man at spinning a yarn I ever heard, for he has the knack of making his own experiences third-person affairs. In their telling he never bats an 'I.'"

Our Man on the World Court

SMOOTH-SHAVEN, KEEN-EYED, white-haired Frank B. Kellogg, of Pact-to-Outlaw-War fame, at the age of seventy-four, becomes American "dean" of the World Court at The Hague by vote of both Council and Assembly of the League of Nations.

His co-pactmaker, Aristide Briand, Premier of France, says this election personally causes "the greatest satisfaction":

> "Not only because I consider that his profound acquaintance with international affairs calls him to his high functions but because I consider him fitted, by the personal prestige attached to his name, to play an altogether exceptional rôle in case of a grave conflict coming before the Permanent Court of International Justice."



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"Increases Prestige"

Of the World Court. Frank B. Kellogg, elected Judge by the League of Nations.

Such tribute is echoed and elaborated in many American papers which refer to Mr. Kellogg's "brilliant services" in the Senate, as Ambassador to Great Britain, and as President Coolidge's Secretary of State when his proffer of the Peace Pact scored phenomenal international adoption.

Yet certain papers can not refrain from reminding their readers that Mr. Kellogg's pre-senatorial reputation was for "trust-busting" activities as special counsel for the Government in cases against Standard Oil and the railroad mergers; that, as a senatorial discoverer of "mare's nests," Washington correspondents nicknamed him "Nervous Nellie," and that his Ambassadorship to Great Britain was called a "lame duck" political appointment. The Richmond *News-Leader* ventures the observation: "It's an odd story even for America—a second-rate politician transformed into a world statesman after he is seventy."

Mr. Kellogg was first elected by the League to serve out the term of Charles E. Hughes, who resigned from the World Court to become Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Election to the full term of nine years, beginning next January 1, followed when the League filled the bench of fifteen Judges and four Deputy Judges. Mr. Kellogg is the oldest among the Judges, all of the others being in their fifties or sixties. His associates come from Japan, Italy, France, Great Britain, Spain, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Germany, Roumania, China, Salvador, Colombia, and Cuba.

American press comment is much tinged with pro and anti World Court sentiment.

Among the "antis" the Manchester (N. H.) *Union* warns League circles against expecting that Mr. Kellogg's election will tend to bring the United States into the "League" Court. The Chicago *Tribune* approves Mr. Hughes's choice of returning from the World Court to the United States Supreme Court, and classes Mr. Kellogg's "balloon flight into the wider sky" as one of "those cosmic adventures of American statesmen that unquestionably sets their ambition outside the horizon of their country's exclusive welfare."

In the chorus of "pro" voices we hear the Philadelphia *Inquirer*: "It is time to bottle up the isolationists, and go ahead." Likewise speaks the St. Joseph (Mo.) *News-Press:*

> "Tho an American may thus enter the World Court, America continues outside it. That fact, in view of all that has happened, is becoming a reproach to the United States."

New Jersey's Beer-Gang Murder

DO ARMED THUGS WHO MURDERED a Federal Prohibition agent of a squad engaged in a New Jersey brewery raid raise a challenge to government that "means war" to a finish?

"Holding a gun to Uncle Sam's head" failed to scare the Federal dry unit, declares the Jersey City *Journal;* "any New Jersey bootleggers who feel more secure because a dastardly crime has been committed are making a mistake—nothing could arouse *esprit de corps* to a higher pitch in the enforcement organization."

The fatal ambush story, condensed from the New York *World's* report, reads:

> Twelve gunmen secreted in the Rising Sun Brewery, Elizabeth, New Jersey, September 19, surprized seven Prohibition agents who were raiding the place and, after disarming six of the agents, killed one of them before he had a chance to reach for his gun, and riddled his body with bullets.
>
> The raiding squad from Philadelphia headquarters arrived at the brewery in automobiles, assembled in the boiler room, and were about to scatter to round up all employees, when the gunmen came over a bridge connecting two sections of the brewery, held up the squad and disarmed them.
>
> Agent Inspector John C. Fienelli's appearance from another room was greeted with the gangster yell, "There's ——! Give it to him!" All gunmen opened fire, and even as Fienelli fell they pumped ten shots into his body; then spraying the room with lead they disarmed a door guard and made their getaway to automobiles parked around the corner.

Other news reports mention that this was the fifth raid on this brewery, following a previous encounter with armed gangsters who had driven Prohibition raiders from another Elizabeth brewery, said to be under allied management.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* insists that—

> "It is the business of the Federal, State and Elizabeth authorities to round up this gang and see that every man jack of them gets the supreme penalty for their crime.
>
> "Every decent citizen, dry or wet, stands back of whatever measures may be necessary to put a stop to gang rule, and set the law solidly above the activities of the thug with a pistol."

"How long before Fienelli's murderers are executed," questions the Jersey City *Journal*, and "local authorities are held responsible for allowing a situation to arise wherein bootleggers felt so secure?" The Washington *Post* declares that "no incident in recent years so sharply draws the issue between government and anarchy," continuing:

> "No government that is worthy of the name can afford to ignore such a challenge, or to let the matter slide.
>
> "Let the endless debates between the advocates and the foes of moral experiment proceed, and let the people register their wishes at the polls. But clean out these rats of gangsters who flaunt their power by murder and thuggery!"

The Newark *Evening News* deplores the "political hookups" back of beer protection as a menace to the community, and "most unfair to those cereal manufacturers who have resisted temptation and scrupulously stayed within the law." The Camden *Post* argues: "Ultimate responsibility goes back to the error that was the Eighteenth Amendment."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

In New York the word "magistrate" is not pronounced with the accent on the "strate."—*Judge.*

Cuban unrest is said to be alarming. As a rule resting is the best thing a Cuban does.—*Dallas News.*

Wet statistics indicate that New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, etc., are hic towns.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Anyhow, that fine old Irishman, Sir Thomas Lipton, has just about won the human race.—*Weston Leader.*

In a little while all nations will have tariff walls, and then they can all get rich by charging themselves too much.—*Everett Herald.*

One often gets a jolt, too, when coming back to earth from flights of the imagination.—*Weston Leader.*

A writer says that young people stop at nothing nowadays. Except petrol stations.—*The Humorist.*

Another lesson of the Great War is that helping the underdog merely places a new dog on top.—*Manila Bulletin.*

A scientist says human intelligence is 450,000 years old. What a lot of progress it hasn't made!—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Sir Thomas Lipton is such a magnificent loser that he could qualify easily as a Wisconsin Democrat.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

When hush money talks, it is vociferous.—*Toledo Blade.*

A millionaire attributes much of his success to golf. Most men owe their golf to success.—*The Humorist (London).*

The Government Army in China is easy to recognize. It confiscates property, while the other one loots.—*Greenville News.*

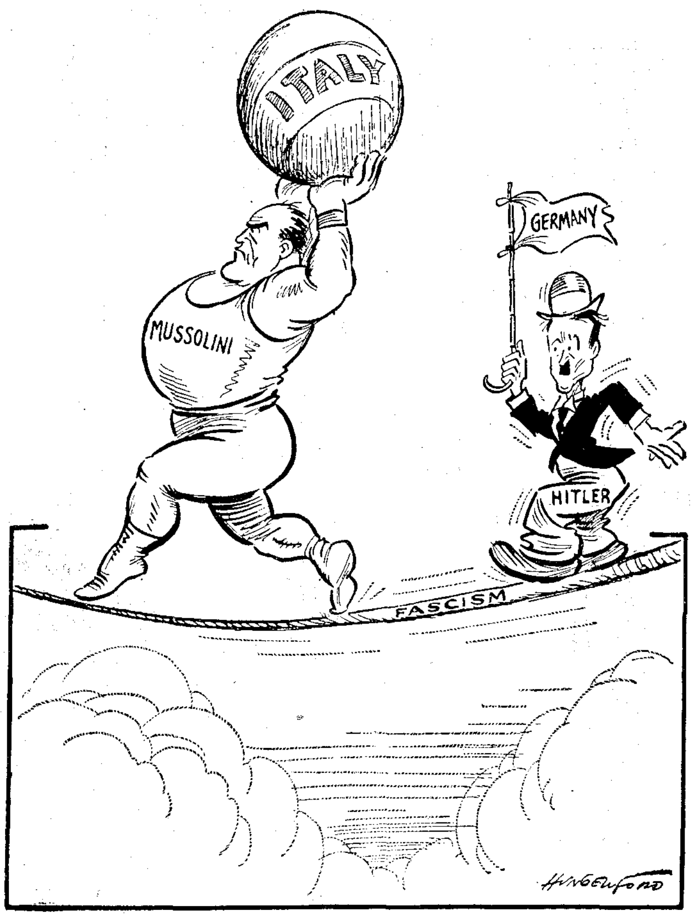
And now Mr. Hoover might appoint a commission to find out what his fact-finding commissions do with the facts they find.—*Judge.*

The scientist who said the next battles would be fought in the air were entirely right if they meant political battles.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

In a last effort to make runt golf both difficult and simple, they might roll the ball down a hole and dig it out dog-fashion.—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Modern progress is indeed wonderful. It has made it possible for a man to get indigestion and a remedy for it at the same drug store.—*Louisville Times.*

New Yorkers contemplating one of those pay-as-you-enter judicial careers should remember the injunction: "Judge not lest ye be jugged."—*Virginian-Pilot.*



Trying to Follow an Expert

—Hungerford in the Pittsburgh "Post-Gazette."

Reports are so dispiriting as to the concert of the powers that we'd welcome a change in their tenor.—*Weston Leader.*

The moon, says a radio expert, throws back the wireless waves from the earth. We don't blame it.—*The Humorist.*

"The future of cotton is uncertain." How true. It never knows whether it will be silk stepins or a wool overcoat.—*Easton Express.*

We know what's the matter with business: The economic experts have had it turning corners so long it's dizzy.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

Investigators find that milk can be kept in cold storage indefinitely. That's the way a lot of the milk of human kindness is kept.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Judging from the outgivings of the leading spellbinders, the two parties have caught the current contagion and gone in for miniature politics.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

Just to keep even with Mr. Babson, we predict that business will be normal again when everybody makes $5 a day and spends $10.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

The Literary Digest asks, "Who Discovered Finger-prints?" Our guess is that they were discovered by the person who discovered jam.—*The Pathfinder (Washington).*

Deep-sea divers have found $5,000,000 sunk off the coast of Spain eight years ago. Now if they could only recover some of the millions sunk in Wall Street just last year.—*Judge.*

According to a dress-expert the new fashions in clothes have caused women to reveal more femininity. It seems that bit by bit our women are losing their manhood.—*Punch (London).*

Our Governor has come out for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Delegates to the 1932 National Convention will save money if they hire their living quarters by the month.—*The New Yorker.*

The Finnish delegate to the Sixth International Road Congress reports that a motor highway now reaches far into the Arctic circle. That eliminates the pedestrian's last potential refuge.—*South Bend Tribune.*

"Does the average person realize how many animals are annually slaughtered in order to provide woman with seal, fox, skunk, squirrel and beaverskin coats?" says a writer. About 1,000,000,000,000,000 rabbits and cats, I should imagine.—*The Passing Show (London).*

Advertising on the back of postage-stamps, as suggested by one ingenious Congressman, would be grand, of course, for any one who wanted to get his product on every tongue.—*Boston Herald.*

The Neighborhood Cynic says it is his belief that the women have purified politics just about as much as Will Hays has purified the movies.—*Louisville Times.*

One of the St. Louis boys who made it, says his chief difficulty in driving a car across the continent in reverse was a pain in the neck. It seems, then, to have been unanimous.—*Detroit News.*

The Department of Agriculture says that the farmer's dollar will buy less now than it would in 1917. Some of the rest of us would seem to have got hold of dollars intended for the farmer.—*San Diego Union.*

"Keen animosity is often displayed toward the man at the top of the ladder by those beneath him," says a business man. Especially if he is one of those rather careless house-painters.—*Humorist.*

The Treasury Department finally issues a statement showing that the new paper money has been found acceptable by the people. The things those government experts do find out eventually!—*The Pathfinder.*

FOREIGN COMMENT

Hitler—Germany's Would-Be Mussolini

EVEN THE IDOLIZED VON HINDENBURG is threatened with impeachment by Adolf Hitler, so-called German Mussolini, if he dares to back Chancellor Brüning's drastic program of financial reform.

The Chancellor's proposal, we learn from Berlin press dispatches, entails heavy financial sacrifices by practically all classes, and he is said to be determined to carry it through “even to the extent of creating a dictatorship.”

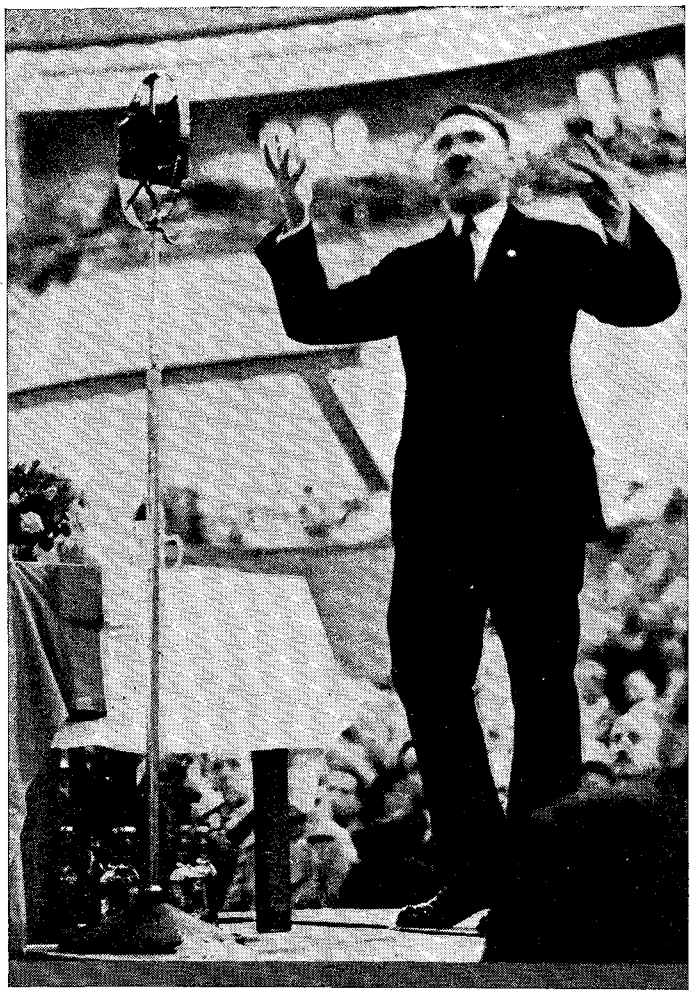
If the President should try to back up this program, “we warn Herr Hindenburg,” declares Hitler in his official organ *Voelkische Beobachter* (Munich), “against standing up against Germany in the interest of the Centre party and some bankrupt politicians.

“If the Brüning Government goes that way, it is illegal, and it calls for illegal countermeasures from the people.”

Who is this Adolf Hitler that speaks in such daring terms of menace to the much-admired and much-loved President of the German Republic?

He is the most fantastic figure that has appeared in post-war Europe, according to various editors. Since first he loomed on the political horizon in Bavaria, nearly ten years ago, writes the foreign editor of the London *News-Chronicle*, he has been labeled as “visionary,” and “madman.”

Yet to-day, we are told, in Germany his name is on every tongue, his intentions are discust with anxiety, and, this informant continues:



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“Handsome Adolf” on the Stump

The leader of the German Fascists whose victory at the election “changed the face of politics in Germany.”

“Hitler is the leader of the Fascist movement, which he launched in Bavaria, and has since fomented and organized throughout Germany, until its candidates scored the most astounding party victory, and changed the face of politics in Germany.

“The National Socialists, as they call themselves, judged by their speeches, are against the great landowner and capitalist, against the Jews, against the ‘Treaty of Shame,’ signed at Versailles in 1919, and against France, with whom they would reopen the quarrel which the world has spent ten years in trying to compose.

“Hitler—‘handsome Adolf’ as he was called in Bavaria—is of Austrian origin, the son of a railway employee in Lower Austria. He is said to have been naturalized, but a good deal more may yet be heard of his nationality.

“He joined the Boers and fought against England at the beginning of the century, and is said to have been the last man to leave Daspoort Fort, Pretoria, when Lord Roberts's troops marched in.

“He was a house-painter when he arrived at Munich in 1912, and he joined the German Army as a private on the outbreak of the Great War, and was promoted sergeant.

“It was in 1921 that he began to appear in the Munich beer gardens, and to address visitors from table-tops, denouncing the Republican Government, and fulminating against the Jew, the capitalist, and the French.

“Foreign journalists failed to get from him at this time any clear statement of his aims, but he remarked to one that: ‘If Germany could be given a Mussolini, the people would kneel down and worship him.’”

It is possible, thinks this foreign editor, that the thought of Mussolini and the march on Rome inspired the attempted *coup d'état* which the ex-housepainter engineered with General Ludendorff, once the friend of the Kaiser, in Munich at the end of 1923.

But he failed, we are reminded, and the conspirators were put on trial for high treason. Hitler and others, not including Ludendorff, were sentenced to five years in the Landsberg fortress, it is recalled, but were out again at the end of twelve months and “resumed the campaign against the republic.”

That Hitler is virtually a man without a country, who has no right to sit in the German Reichstag, was brought out in his testimony in court at the trial of three Reichswehr lieutenants. This we learn from a Leipzig Associated Press dispatch, which relates that tho born in Austria he served as a German soldier from the autumn of 1914 until the autumn of 1918 on the Western front, thereby losing his Austrian nationality. We read also:

“After the war and before his beer-cellar putsch of 1923, Hitler made no attempt to acquire German nationality, but remained a man without a country.

“After the putsch the German Government tried to deport him to Austria, but Austria declined to receive him on the ground that by his entering the German Army he had lost Austrian citizenship.

“Since then Hitler has tried at various times through friends to gain admission to German citizenship, but so far has failed.”

The party that Hitler leads, the National Socialists, are colloquially known as the “Nazis.” They now have 107 seats in the Reichstag where they had formerly only 12. They are second only to the 143 seats of the Socialists. As if that were not enough for the minority Conservatives to bear, the Communists increase their representation from 54 to 76. In the London *Daily Telegraph*, F. G. Lavers says that the “Nazis” busy themselves with counter-demonstrations against the Communists, whom they characterize as the arch-enemies of themselves and the State, tho they are quite ready to cooperate with the Communists with the object of wrecking the other parties.

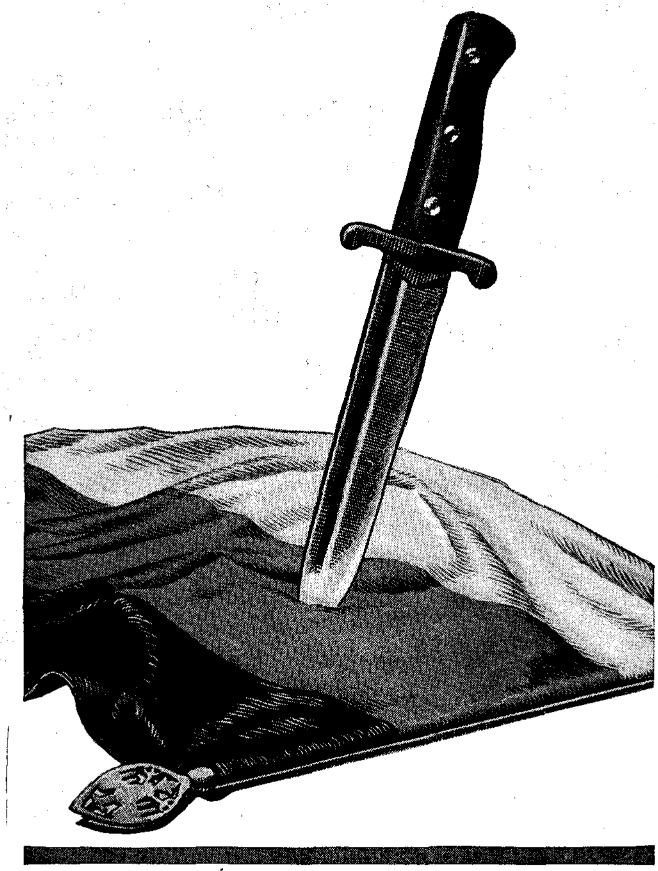
The reason for Hitler's success, given by a contributor to the London *Evening Standard*, is to be found first in his gift for oratory, and, secondly, in his intense seriousness. This writer proceeds, "He has the burning idealism, the fierce hatreds, and the severe asceticism of the more earnest type of Russian Communist.

"He rules his party with a rod of iron, and those members who are not prepared to accept his own high standards of moral discipline are ruthlessly expelled.

"Hitler played a considerable part in ridding Munich of its Bolshevik Government. On that occasion his anti-Semitic followers nearly achieved the distinction of causing the death of the ex-Czar of Bulgaria. Ferdinand, who has a large nose, was sitting in his car outside the Hotel Regina, when a band of armed Hitlerites came past.

"'Look at the old Jew!' they cried. 'Let's kill him.'

"The ex-Czar drew a deep breath, and then drawled out in his deep bass voice: 'I know I have a very prominent nasal organ, but I am no Jew. I am Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria—temporarily, alas! without a throne.'



A German Thrust at the German Fascists

"The knife of the National Socialists in the heart of the flag."
—"Der Wahre Jacob" (Berlin).

"My first meeting with Hitler, just after the war, took place in curious circumstances. I was in Prague at the time. So was Col. Norman Thwaites of the British Intelligence Service. So was the notorious Trebitsch Lincoln, who was then busily organizing the German monarchical secret society Konsul.

"Lincoln had papers which the Allied governments badly wanted. They were secured.

"They revealed a whole series of plots for the disturbance of the peace of Europe. Prominent among the conspirators was the name of Adolf Hitler."

Hitler's attitude toward a putsch, and also his attitude toward the Reichswehr, we read in a Berlin dispatch to the New York *World*, was given in his long testimony before the treason court, where two army officers, followers of his, were being tried. In the official report of his testimony we read:

> "Naturally we want the Reichswehr to know that our purpose is a general popular awakening of the German people.
>
> "The movement which represents this awakening will, however, not succeed by illegal means. The German is enslaved by peace treaties and the whole German legal procedure is the solidifying of peace treaties. We do not see these treaties as legal, but as forced upon us. We do not recognize Germany's war guilt."

Santo Domingo After the Hurricane

Everybody was appalled at the destruction of life and property wrought by the September hurricane in Santo Domingo. But, as certain Latin-American editors point out, the island apparently lost interest for other countries once the hurricane was over.

Now the big story about Santo Domingo, in their opinion, is the courage and energy shown by the people of the stricken island in repairing the damage to property, and their determination not to be cast down by their great but not irreparable losses.

Nor is this mere optimism, remarks a Spanish-language paper of New York, *La Prensa*, or a cheap attempt of the people of Santo Domingo to deceive themselves and others in regard to conditions.

Santo Domingo realizes the immensity of its misfortune, this daily adds, but is "determined bravely to raise itself from the ruins and resume its progress."

One of the leading journals of Santo Domingo, *Listin Diario*, has this to say:

> "The capital, the principal city of the Republic, was sorely ravaged by the hurricane, suffering a loss of several million pesos, altho the exact amount is as yet unknown.
>
> "But only the capital suffered. The rest of the island is continuing preparations for the early harvest of its exportable fruit crop.
>
> "The relatively few buildings and factories damaged were insured against cyclones.
>
> "Meanwhile, the farmers will receive sufficient advances of cash to make the necessary repairs, and to protect themselves against loss in the immediate future. The credit of the Republic remains unimpaired, despite the alarm of the first moment."

Russia's Booming Air-Lines

Critics of Russia may be surprized to learn that steady and rapid progress is being made there in the use of airplanes.

It is now possible, we are told, to fly the whole distance from Moscow to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan. But, it is noted also that as a matter of practise, this line hardly invites the patronage of the casual tourist.

The twenty air-lines now functioning in the Soviet Union, writes the Moscow correspondent of the London *Observer*, cover about 16,000 miles, and, last year, carried 11,476 passengers.

By 1933, the magic last year of the *pyatiletka* or Five-Year Plan, it is expected that 300,000 passengers will travel over one hundred and forty-five lines, covering some 80,000 miles. This informant continues:

> "A glance at an airplane map of the Soviet Union shows that the routes now in operation fall into two main categories. The longest regular lines, the Moscow-Irkutsk (over three thousand miles) and the Moscow-Tashkent and Moscow-Tiflis (each about two thousand miles), follow fairly closely some of the main railroad routes.
>
> "At the same time, a network of air-lines in the Far North and in Central Asia serves as a useful substitute for railroads.
>
> "Irkutsk has air communication with Yakutsk, eighteen hundred miles away, the capital of the vast sparsely populated section of Siberia known as Yakutia, and there is a twelve-hundred-mile air-line between Irkutsk and Boadibo, the center of the Lena gold-mining region.
>
> "A six-hour flight brings the traveler from Verkhne-Udinsk, a station on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, to Ulan-Bator (formerly Urga), the capital of Outer Mongolia, a region with which the Soviet Union maintains increasingly close political and economic relations.
>
> "Air-lines which are planned for the future will traverse the Far North of Siberia, bisect the vast steppes of Kazakstan, and make possible air communication between Moscow and such eastern outposts of Siberia as Sakhalin Island and Kamchatka."

Curbing the Bloodcurdling Kurds

THE KURDISH REVOLT is said to be causing the Turks more trouble than they care to admit officially. The first sign that something was amiss, it seems, was the arrest, three or four months ago, of the son of Sheik Said, who organized the last rebellion and was hanged for his pains.

At that time no one thought that this was more than an isolated intrigue, a sort of disgruntled vendetta by an individual.

But the Turkish authorities see farther than they disclose, reports the Constantinople correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, who adds that half the arrests of the country are preventive arrests. The Kurdish movement is only gradually revealing its extent and its significance, adds this informant, who continues:

"It started in the eastern provinces. Its chief center is still round Mount Ararat, where the rebels have an easy refuge in Persia, and have undoubtedly been in touch with kindred tribes on the Persian side of the frontier.

"But it has spread, and incursions are occurring along the whole of the eastern and southern borders of Turkey. They are sporadic, they are little more than brigand inroads, but they are highly distracting to the authorities, who find themselves confronted with an increasing and extending insecurity, fed largely from across the frontiers.

"In Syria, in Irak, in Persia hostile elements emerge or take refuge. The Turkish populations on this side of the borders are whole-heartedly with Angora in its attempts at repression, and are appealing to be allowed to form militias to repulse these raiders.

"But Angora considers the problem to be a definitely military one, and to need the professional troops of the Republic and expert generalship."

THE Turks insist that the Kurds have no genuine political entity, and no right to make a "nationalist" movement, and the *Guardian's* correspondent tells us further that in communiqués the Turks officially style the Kurds brigands.

The Turks claim that the Kurds can have no rights which would not be perfectly satisfied by loyal adherence to the Turkish Republic, and call it a mere rising of nomad tribes against a central, civilizing authority. We read then:

"But this very insistence indicates that the movement has some political aims inspiring it. The fact is that it is these aims which are giving it such a troublesome extension.

"At its basis it appears to be a movement raised by 'pan-Aryan' propaganda. It is styled by the rebels a rising not merely of the Kurds, but of all the 'oppress peoples' of the Middle East. Who are these?

"They are the Kurds, the Armenians, and the Nestorians, to whom may be added such unknown tribes as the Zazas.

"The idea is to form out of these elements, with the help of Persia, an 'Aryan federation,' consisting of the Kurds, Armenians, Persians, and Nestorians, extending from the Caucasus to India.

"Persia is urged to play in this federal formation or union the part of Prussia in the union of Germany.

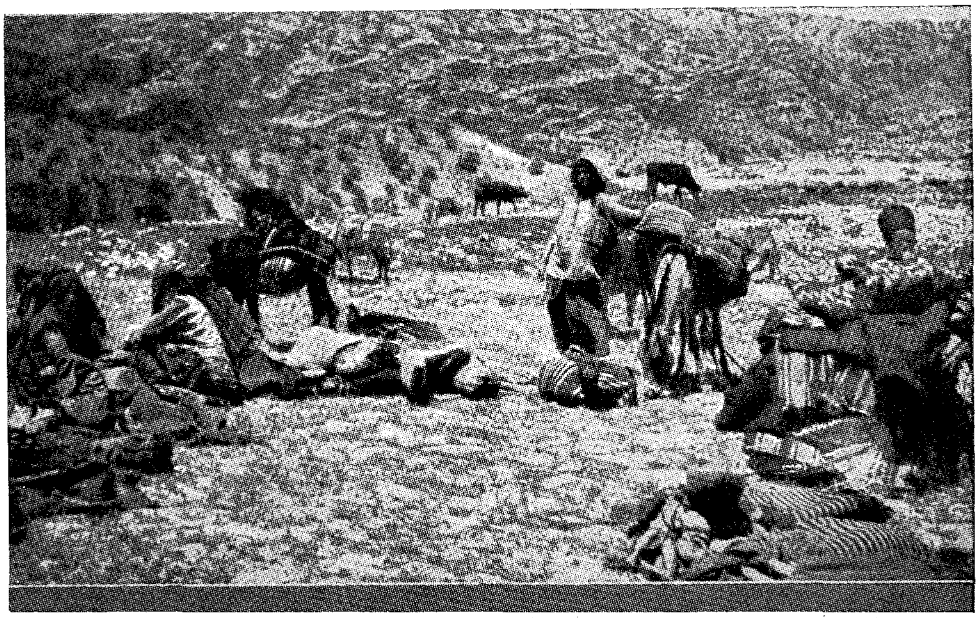
"The disappearance of Azerbaijan, the creation of a Great Armenia, and the emergence of an Aryan Middle East are parts of the program."

Tho this is obviously "undigested propaganda" and as little susceptible of realization as the old "pan-Turanian" dream, the *Guardian's* correspondent says it is being used to give extension to the Kurdish rebellion, and to bring in other hostile elements from farther south.

CALLING them "an eternally restless people," Ewald Banse, in the Leipzig *Illustrirte Zeitung*, gives an interesting sketch of the Kurds. He writes in part:

"The nation—if such it can be called—is forever in movement, with its herds and possessions. In summer up into the mountains, in winter back into the valleys.

"As regards government, also, it is perennially unsettled. Since it wandered into its present mountainous habitat, 3,500 years ago, it has never succeeded in forming a unified State, owing to the ineradicable passion for freedom of the individual and the thirst for power on the part of innumerable chieftains.



The Eternally Restless Kurds

Nomads and guerrilla fighters who play military tag with the Persians and the Turks.

"This has led to a condition of disunion corresponding to its topographical surroundings, but highly hostile to national development. In consequence, the Kurds have always been vassals of other States.

"But within this framework they have always occupied an anomalous position, untamed and refractory, leading a peculiar existence in the shelter of their mountains."

AT present, we read further in this Leipzig weekly, the Kurds live under Turkish, Persian, French, and also English rule, and in part, under that of Soviet Russia.

But it seems the Kurds recognize these governments only partially, or not at all, and live their own life independently of them. In fact, it is pointed out:

"Their practical independence is, in the main, based on this vassalage to neighboring States.

"In the present instance, it is Turkey and Persia which are concerned. The hordes of Kurds living in the wild and impassable mountains between these two States render obedience neither to Kemal Pasha nor to the Resa-Shah. They mock at these distant potentates, knowing full well that they, like their Sultan predecessors, have more important problems on their hands than punishing a horde of bandits.

"If Turkish troops, therefore, approach, they attack them in separate groups in the difficult terrain, where their enemies are at a disadvantage. But they carefully abstain from regular encounters.

"Instead, they retreat to Persian territory, whither, of course, the Turks can not follow them.

"If, on the other hand, they are attacked by Persian troops, they withdraw to Turkish soil and mock at their pursuers.

"Thus it has been for centuries, especially since in the thirties of the last century the Turks destroyed the power of the native-valley chieftains, or at least seriously curtailed it."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE · DRAMA · MUSIC · FINE-ARTS · EDUCATION · CULTURE

Spain Repudiates Carmen

CARMEN IS BEING SHOWN the door by her native Spain.

That lady of the flashing eyes, the swaying hips, the red rose in her teeth, the dagger in her garters, the Habanera on her lips and in her twinkling feet.

She must yield the spotlight, we are told, "to a svelte, fashionably gowned señorita, who steps the latest dance and drives her own car."

Bizet made *Carmen* a national symbol, and now Bizet is almost anathema.

Nor does the Spaniard wish to be thought of as merely a bull-fighter. Who thinks of America in terms of the pugilist, or Japan as a wrestler in ju-jutsu?

"Spain is tired of the romantic rôles she has been given in the drama of the races," says M. A. Edwards in *The Rotarian* (Chicago). She longs for another part, and does not care what it is, "just so it is not that flirtatious lady with the carnation between her teeth, or the glittering toreador in his red satin cape."

Tourists find this reaction a little disappointing:

> "Except in Andalusia, where the bull-raising ranches are located, and from which most of the young professionals come, and except certain days of fiesta, a toreador on Spanish streets is as rare as oranges in Siberia.
>
> "As to the coquettish lady in the standardized *Carmen* costume, as we know it in opera and fancy-dress circles, where can such a person be seen these days in Spain, except at the theater or among the gipsies of Granada? The latter, sad to relate, dress themselves up for the sole purpose of playing their favorite rôle of parting the tourist from his money.
>
> "Some people who come to Spain confess to going away a bit disappointed. Not that the visit has been uninteresting. Rather, they have missed certain romantic details on which they had been fed by literary enthusiasts who, either lured by the strangeness of a foreign setting into wild flights of imagination, or inspired by the less-laudable purpose of making saleable copy, have dipt their pens in an overcolored fluid.
>
> "There are not so many combs and mantillas, for instance, as most tourists expect. And as for broad-hatted gallants whispering sweet nothings through iron-grated windows, some people may have witnessed this interesting spectacle, but most have looked for it in vain.
>
> "Ruffled skirts, Spanish shawls, flirtatious glances from sloe-eyed señoritas, serenades to the tune of the guitar, laughter, song, sinuous forms weaving the steps of the fandango—these bits of color, so often played up in novels of Spanish life, are conspicuously absent."

But why visit Spain just to feed on romance? asks the Spanish Rotarian. "We are not an opera-bouffe show. Rather spend your time looking at our fine cities, our comfortable homes, our modern trams, our new pavements, our works of art, our colleges, our libraries, our manner of dress—more elegant than Paris—our unsurpassed landscape."

Copyright by Aimé Dupont

Must We Forget Calve

Now that Spain rejects Carmen?

Foreign writers, foreign newspapers, have put Spain in this plight:

> "It is on that incomparable pair, Merimée and Bizet, that the Spaniard places the burden of the blame for making a melodrama of his country. They, he believes, are responsible for spreading the *Carmen* fairy-tale in such an irresistible form that it has captured the imagination of the world. Who can follow the passionate story of Bizet's black-eyed heroine and her toreador lover, and not be snared in its web of romance!
>
> "To think that it is not real, would almost be a sacrilege. And so *Carmen* has become Spain, and Spain the idealized dream of the romanticists.
>
> "That the Bizet opera is an artistic triumph, can not be denied, but the Spaniard thinks that it has placed his country in a wrong light before the people of other nations.
>
> "So, when the bull-fighter Fortuna killed a bull in the streets of Madrid last year, the foreign press avidly seized upon it as a great piece of news. It was played up to the utmost. Pictures of toros and toreadors were printed and extravagant comments made. Every one read about Fortuna and his romantic episode. Once more Spain was forced into the dramatic rôle.
>
> "'One would think,' a Spanish paper ironically commented, 'that toreadors were a kind of police, at the service of the Government, with the exclusive object of killing bulls in the street.'
>
> "This dislike of exploiting herself and being exploited as romantic, may, in time, result in a setback to tourist trade in Spain—at least to the part of it which is in search of just that. Every day old and interesting customs are fading, and when the last quaintly garbed peasant has folded his trappings to betake himself and his family to the bosom of his ancestors, there will be no more. The Spaniard is too dignified and individualistic a person to dress himself, as is done in some places, for the sole purpose of selling his country to the tourist golden calf."

Spain has accepted modernity:

> "Every large city is vigorously pushing its public-works program. Madrid is to be the home of a great State university costing $20,000,000. Railroads cut across ancient estates, and passenger airplanes roar over the land by day and night.
>
> "Capital that has lain dormant is being poured into new apartment houses, new electric projects, new factories. It is no wonder that the modern Spaniard can ill conceal a snort of impatience when the tourist invades his land looking for a toreador on every street corner and a mantilla-crowned *Carmen* on every balcony.
>
> "If you wish to be kind to your fellow Spaniard, try to understand that he does not want, nor does he need, to have his country go over the counter as a tawdry cardboard theatrical show. Spanish opinion on this subject is shown by the outraged protests that burst from the press when a certain Señor Argitot recently solicited a patent for ladies' fancy garters carrying a dagger, for the purpose of selling them at the Barcelona Exposition.
>
> "'Traitor,' was the united cry of Spanish newspapers. 'What, sell ourselves to the foreigners by means of this absurd legend? Never! Heroic women we have had. Heroic women we have now. But savages never!'
>
> "So, it seems time for *Carmen* to pass on."

The Englishman's Musical Hell

THE AESTHETIC TRAGEDY of the Englishman is his love of music. Continental Europeans say the English are not musical.

The assertion is absurd. Not only are the English musical—they love music with the agony of all who love in vain. For music is a paradise into which they long to enter, but they must stay forever outside, listening in, as the saying runs, looking in. For in music the English can not create.

These keys to the closed doors of the musical Englishman's soul are fitted into their respective locks by Magda Hattingberg, whose paper throws these lights amid the gloom upon readers of the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

"There is a sympathetic response of an audience which does not express itself in applause. It is the most exquisite tribute an artist can receive. It takes the form of silence. No cold, dull silence this, indicating frigid aloofness, but an eloquent silence, a breathing, emotional silence, a form of reverence for the very greatest art.

"And of such eloquent silence the 'unmusical' (!) English people are capable as are scarcely any other. Perhaps because he feels that his love and his longing for music have their foundation in tragedy—the tragedy of his temperament!

"The English are not musically creative. England has never evolved a great musical composer. The masses of the English lack the courage to sing. Of a Sunday you could wander for hours over hill and hedge and in little inns, and in gardens and elsewhere find people sitting together in throngs. Never a song echoes from these crowds, not a note! These people have not the capacity to sing as the Germans have it or the Austrians, both so rich in melodies and dwelling amid them.

"Many distinguished musicians can be found among the English, mostly stringed-instrument players, including pianists. In knowledge and in power they are equal to many Germans, or they even excel them. But music to these English is not innate in the last analysis. Music is what they have attained, struggled for through their longing to enter the happy land of harmony, which is not native to them, altho their heart's desire is to belong to it.

"The great English captain of industry, who sat of an evening in his armchair, pipe in mouth, seemingly oblivious of the world around him behind his copy of the London *Times*, yet shedding tears at the music of Beethoven floating to his ear from a neighboring room, took pains to reassume a stolid countenance as he plunged into the financial news of the day. For nobody must mark how profoundly he was touched by these emanations from the higher spheres. Self-mastery even here!"

The fact is that the English love music more than any other people. They love music always—in good times and in bad. The Englishman tries to get to the bottom of music; if one may so phrase it, he aches to comprehend it:

"The view generally prevailing, that the English understand nothing of music must be subjected to a closer analysis. The discovery of their knowledge of music in detail is simply astounding. During a concert they scarcely venture to breathe."

The Cover

WASHINGTON again appears in unfamiliar guise in the historical series of J. L. G. Ferris.

Here we see him in gay surroundings, after a hunt, and seeming to incite a rivalry between his two fair guests for the possession of the brush.

Martha Washington may be seen in the background presiding over the punch bowl; the others are doubtless his neighbors, brought together to follow the pack of French hounds, said to have been sent him by Lafayette. Mr. Ferris writes:

"Washington, always superbly mounted, in true sporting costume of blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, buckskin breeches, top-boots, velvet cap, and whip with long thong, took the field at daybreak with his huntsman Will Lee, and none rode more gallantly in the chase nor with voice more cheerily awakened the echo in the woodland than he.

"His last hunt with the hounds was in 1785."

English Jawbreakers

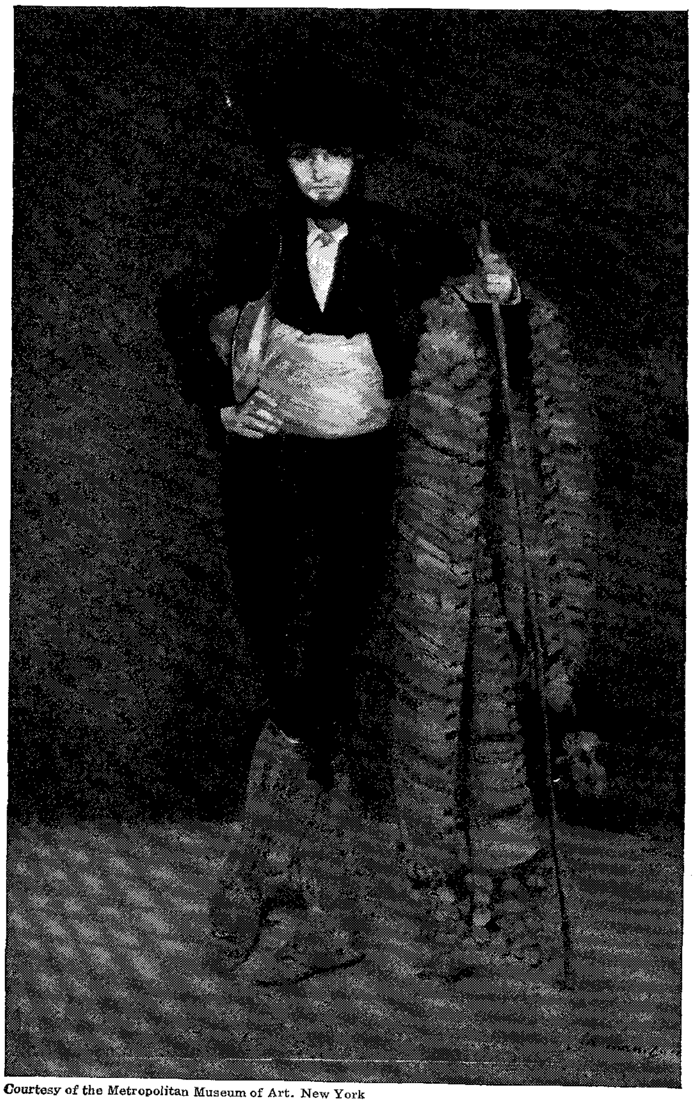
IF YOU TRAVEL in rural England, don't blame the railway ticket-agent if you land in the wrong place.

You must learn how to call your station.

The British Broadcasting Company will be of some help through the booklet "Broadcast English," which tells their announcers how to speak their towns.

The London *Times* gives some excerpts which show what a puzzle it must be even to themselves:

"Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, seems to have given the compilers more difficulty than any other place. Five optional pronunciations are given:—'Uttoxeter,' 'Yewtoxeter,' 'Uxeter,' 'Uxter,' and 'Utcheter,' the first two taking the accent on the second syllable and the last three on the first.


Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. New York

A Toreador of Elder Days

They are even more vivid now than when Manet painted this one, but Spain scorns to be judged by them.

"West Bromwich, in the same county, is a good second, with four possible pronunciations:—'Brommich,' 'Brummidge,' 'Brommidge,' and 'Brummich,' in the order given. Similarly Slaithwaite (Yorkshire) may be 'Slaythwayt,' 'Slathwayt,' 'Slōit,' or 'Slowit.' Almondbury, in the same county, may be pronounced 'Aymbury,' 'Awmbury,' or 'Almondbury.'

"For Belaugh (Norfolk) there is the fourfold choice of 'Beelaa,' 'Beelaw,' 'Belo,' and 'Beeloo.' Greenwich may be 'Grinnidge,' 'Grinnich,' or 'Grennich'; and similarly there is a choice of either 'Woolich' or 'Woolidge.'

"Hampshire River Stour may be 'Stower' or 'Stoor'; but for the Warwickshire and Worcestershire rivers of the same name the choice is 'Stower' or 'Stoer.'

"Woolsery, near Bideford, is sometimes also spelled Woolfardisworthy, but it is to be pronounced 'Woolzery.' The river Aln, in Northumberland, is to be called 'Aln,' but Alnmouth is 'Aylmouth,' and Alnwick is 'Annick.' Beauchief (Yorks) is 'Beechiff'; Beaulieu (Hants), 'Bewly'; and Beaumont (Cumberland), 'Beemont'; but Beaudesert, in Warwickshire, may be 'Bōdezert' or 'Belzer.' Billericay, in Essex, is 'Billericky,' with the first and third syllables accented.

"Brightholmlee (Yorkshire) is to be called 'Brytomly' (with the accent on the first syllable); and Buckland Tout Saints (Devon), 'Buckland Too Saints.' The first part of Cleobury Mortimer (Shropshire) may be 'Clibbery' or 'Clebbery.' The list gives 'Sapsworth' as an alternative to 'Sawbridgeworth' (Herts), but in the introduction Mr. Lloyd James declares for the longer pronunciation."

A Poet to the Farmers

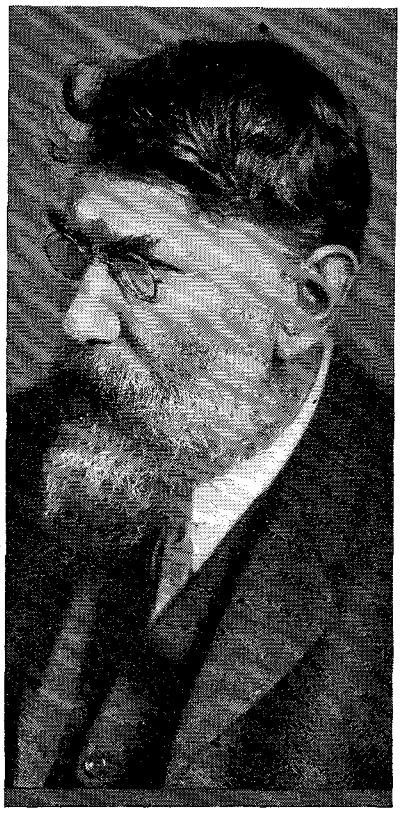
HIS LEONINE HEAD topping a large frame will not perhaps represent to the farmers of America their idea of a poet.

So "A. E." will be welcomed as one of their own kind.

But when his deep eyes peer at them through his thick glasses they will recognize the poet as well as the man of practical life. And they will listen when he lectures on agricultural cooperation in Ireland.

"A. E." is George Russell, the Irish poet, painter, mystic, who for years has directed the destinies of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, at the same time finding opportunity to edit *The Irish Statesman*, and incidentally furnish our poetry page with some of its choice verse.

If the combination of poet, dreamer, and practical farmer seems unusual in "A. E.," it is explained by Edwin C. Hill in the New York *Sun*, that he had to earn his job:



"A. E."

And "there is nobody quite like him in the world."

> "He had to learn to talk to his people, for he was a bit given to beautiful abstractions at the outset.
>
> "A parish priest brought him down to earth. After one of Russell's early speeches, to a typical audience of farmers, the priest got up and said, in the broadest of brogues:
>
> "'What the speaker has been tryin' to tell ye is that if ye buy a bonniv (a little pig) at the fair in Lochvay for ten shillings, and take him home and feed him a bit and sell him again for twenty shillin's in the fair at Balmashal, ye'll make ten shillin's on it.'"

THERE is nobody, writes Mr. Hill, quite like "A. E." in the whole world:

> "He was a boy 'who saw,' as they say in Ireland.
>
> "He read the ancient Gaelic myths and found within them friends to live with, this boy who walked alone upon the lovely hills of Howth, and thrilled to the color of the sea and to the rocks of Kilkenny.
>
> "He became a mystic, but retained always that hard-and-fast practical side which is so curiously associated with the Irish character, however mystically it may slant."

The Irish Statesman (Dublin) under his hand was fearless and brilliant:

> "His paper went out of business, a few months ago, because it was too fearless, too brilliant. Its passing leaves a gap in the intellectual life of the Irish people which may not be filled for many a day.
>
> "But George Russell, footloose now, is still very much in business, and his business is to spread among humanity the wisdom and sweetness which well up from his own soul.
>
> "He comes to the United States to lecture in almost every State on cooperation as the most likely cure for the economic ills of the farmer.
>
> "He doesn't assume to advise American farmers about their special problems, but he will tell them what cooperation has done to better the lot of Irish farmers, and how much his people at home have benefited by scientifically grading their products.
>
> "Generally speaking, his theme will be his philosophy of rural civilization, but there is so much good sense and practical wisdom in this Irish mystic that his talks are sure to range far beyond generalities.
>
> "There is nobody quite like 'A. E.' in the whole world. The good fairies that hovered about his cradle, at Howth lavished their loveliest gifts upon him.
>
> "They gave him the art of making word patterns like music. They gave him the gift of color and design. They dipt tiny fingers in the sod and gave him the feel of the land and the things that spring from the soil. They gave him the gift of languages. And best of all, they gave him an inextinguishable liking for humanity.
>
> "He became the most noted literary figure of Ireland, its best painter, and its leading agricultural economist. He became, in short, the sage that he is."

INTERVIEWED on his arrival, the New York *Times* reports him as saying he has no intention of reviving *The Irish Statesman*, for the newspaper had served its purpose, and the need for it no longer exists. He declared:

> "There was great need, after the revolution, for a medium of placidity, and I edited the publication, making it more placid and more placid, until finally every one who read it was placid.
>
> "I gave so much time to it that I had no time for other things. Now the paper is gone, I shall have time for other things—writing, and painting, and conversation."

"A. E." was given a fine farewell by his admirers, in leaving Ireland, including a substantial check. The occasion brought forth complimentary speeches, and editorials, the Manchester *Guardian* writing:

> "It is unusual to find an essentially mystical poet so capable in practical affairs.
>
> "And yet, after all, why not?
>
> "The notion that a mystic is incapable of dealing with practical affairs is a very silly one, especially in view of the fact that most of the practical precepts, whereby we live from day to day, have come from mystics.
>
> "A poet, as all artists, is seeking after perfection. He finds this in his dreams, but he also finds it in such concrete conceptions as a cooperative commonwealth, which is but a form of that Holy City existing, as heaven or as a politico-economic theory, since the beginning of time.
>
> "Mr. Russell said in his speech of thanks that he had written poetry and painted because he had loved to do so, and that he had worked for the Agricultural Society for the same reason.
>
> "And as at this time we are inclined to feel that the poetry of the Celtic school has not worn too well, it may be that the latter love has been the more productive."

"A. E.'s" first word to America was spoken over the radio on November 27, when he made a special appeal to the poets:

> "I would like to supplicate aid from the poets and literary men, those who are or should be concerned for the spiritual side of your civilization, that they might bring their imagination to bear upon this work of building up a rural civilization with an appropriate culture.
>
> "It would not, I think, be too difficult to get fine poets like Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, or Carl Sandburg to be interested in this idea.
>
> "In the agricultural organization of my own country there were no less than four poets who took part in the work.
>
> "Indeed, there has been no important movement in my lifetime in Ireland in which the poets did not play an important part, giving vision and imagination and warmth to movements which might otherwise have been dull and uninspiring."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

Tillers of the Soil Holding Fast to God

THE OLD MORALITIES ARE STILL good enough for those rooted in the soil.

The majority of country people still hold fast to God.

Four out of five are against making divorce easier.

Four out of five are for Prohibition as it is.

Four out of five are against cigaret advertisements of any description—tho the vote is two to one in favor of farmers growing and selling tobacco, if they wish.

But it is surprizing to note that they are two to one in favor of legalizing education of married couples applying jointly to a physician for birth-control information. It was found necessary, however, to explain the meaning of the phrase, as "hundreds of farm wives" had written in to ask what it meant when the subject was previously discust in the magazine.

These are some of the high lights resulting from a questionnaire compiled for its readers by *The Country Home* (New York), a national monthly magazine which started in 1877 as *Farm and Fireside*. Replies come from nearly 14,000 farm homes.

Among the questions are some designed to elicit from the farmer and his wife what they think about most.

It is not horses and hogs, or farm relief.

They show a much greater enthusiasm for discussing child training, modern thought, world events, and the improvement of their lives. They are less concerned with making a living than with living.

While some of the replies come from small-town homes, the great majority are from actual tillers of the soil. Two-fifths of them come from men, the rest from women. The average age of the voters is a little under forty. Very few replies come from persons under eighteen.

The replies are classified and summarized for us in *The New Republic*, by Russell Lord, staff-writer of *The Country Home*. He is disappointed at the conservatism they exhibit. "The dominating general impression that we drew from our compiling," he writes, "was this: Standardization of opinion has seized to a noteworthy and depressing extent upon the entire rural area of the United States."

OTHERS will rejoice that the fiber of rural America seems so little changed by modern thought.

To learn what presses most on their minds *The Country Home* asked its readers what special message they would broadcast throughout America at this time. A classification of 2,593 out of some 2,700 replies, taken at random, shows, writes Mr. Lord, that 60 per cent. would have America hold fast to the things that have brought them hope and comfort.

That is, some of them would tell us to hold fast to God. Some to the old moralities, as opposed to easier divorce, modern feminine fashions, Sunday amusements, flaming youth, cigarets, birth control, dancing, etc.

Some would tell America to stick to the old ways—pastoral simplicity as opposed to machine-age farming; big-Navy insularity as opposed to world courts, etc.; polite, subdued children as opposed to self-confident, blustering youth; self-denial as opposed to credit or instalment buying.

Other messages would favor a stand for Prohibition.

On the other hand, 40 per cent. seek some change from old standards and customs.

Some would change, economically, to new attitudes and measures. That is, they would have better farming methods, cooperation in marketing, an agriculture nationally organized for economic aggression, farm-relief measures and appropriations.

Others would change to new attitudes and new measures in the home, in the community and throughout the world. They stand for voluntary parenthood by birth control; easier, less expensive, and less scandalous divorce laws; more leisure in the farm homes; better schools, better roads, more community pride, church mergers, arbitration, and world peace.

Mr. Lord notes, too, that the farming people display relatively slight interest in money matters, despite their economic maladjustment and pent-up grievances. Instead, they talk about other things.

We may gain an insight into the rural mind by noting the total vote on some of the "public questions" put to the farmers. A clear majority of them are against advertising the use of tobacco, altho a similarly clear majority believe that the growth and sale of tobacco "is a legitimate business, and that any farmer who wants to grow and sell it has a right to do so."

ON the question of Prohibition, 78 per cent. favor the Prohibition laws as they are and their strict enforcement. Amendment or repeal is favored by only 22 per cent.

Easier divorce laws are recommended by 19 per cent., who believe that they "should be changed so that it will be possible for married couples to separate on grounds of incompatibility after a reasonable period of trial." But 81 per cent. are opposed to easier divorce.

It is curious that 67 per cent. favor imparting birth-control methods to married couples, while only 33 per cent. are registered against birth control.

On a test group of 1,000 ballots picked at random, says Mr. Lord, women show around 5 per cent. greater interest in birth control than men. A considerable number of women wrote in effect: "Birth control is as necessary to improved social conditions in the open country as is the removal of crop surpluses to a permanently improved economic condition."

Concerning this "astonishing departure" from old-fashioned standards, Mr. Lord has this to say:

> "Day in and day out, it is the function of farming people to 'interfere with the normal course of nature.' With their crops and with their live stock they follow biological principles of limitation not far removed in purpose from that of birth control.
>
> "Country people appear, in any event, not at all horrified at the idea of controlling the procreation of human beings. Of the 1,400,000 homes which received this questionnaire, only two canceled their subscriptions when the subject came up—and these two, it so happened, were in small towns."

FOR the most part, the attitude revealed by the survey is reactionary, thinks Mr. Lord. "The votes on tobacco and divorce," he says, "reveal peaks of illiberality that will to metropolitan readers seem stupendous and almost unbelievable."

Against the greater part of the "new" social morality he finds the farming people standing "overapprehensively on guard." The irritating part of it to him is that they try "at times to enforce their standards upon other people." This leads to a good deal of hard feeling, "but farmers are really in this respect no more to be wondered at than the cockney rebels against agricultural puritanism who would have remotely artistic and intellectual standards govern plain people the nation over."

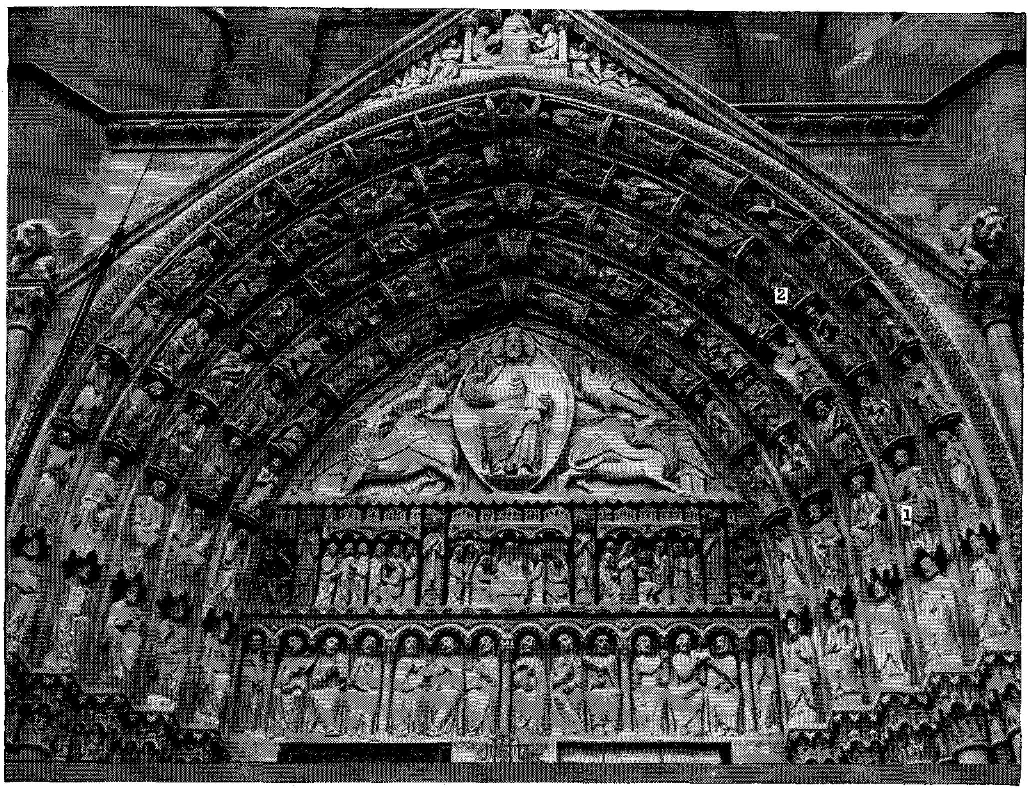
The farmer and the urban dweller, thinks Mr. Lord, live in an attitude of "defensive scorn" toward one another, and, as he analyzes it:

> "With the countryman, it is an illusion of moral superiority. He sees his home not only as a place to live but as a sort of outpost of our national character and of the integrity of our national life. He sees himself as standing for moralities which, however unattractive, have served mightily all these years to keep plain people hard at work and decent, and to hold this country on its course."

Darwin Lands Among the Saints

DARWIN COMES TO CHURCH AT LAST.

And pessimists who still believe that science and religion are radically opposed to each other may be startled to learn what New York is doing in the way of forecasting a reconciliation.


Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Where Science and Religion Meet

The entire second ring of figures in this carving over the West Portal of Riverside Baptist Church, New York, sometimes called the "Rockefeller Church," portrays a group of sixteen world-famous scientists. Dr. Albert Einstein, the only living scientist portrayed, is indicated by the figure 1, and Darwin by the figure 2. On the tympanum of the doorway are carved stone images of Christ and a company of angels and saints.

The figures of scientists, some of whom are anathema to the Fundamentalists, are to form part of the decoration of the Riverside Church (Baptist), in New York City, of which Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick is the pastor.

In addition to carved stone images of Christ, the angels, and the saints on the tympanum of the doorway, we read in press accounts, the structure will include, in successive rings of that doorway, first the likenesses of sixteen of the world's greatest scientists, beginning with Hippocrates and ending with Faraday, Darwin, Pasteur, Lister, and Albert Einstein; next, an arch honoring the distinguished philosophers, from Pythagoras to Ralph Waldo Emerson, and, finally, an arch paying the same kind of tribute to the outstanding religious leaders, from Moses to David Livingstone.

THIS concession looks like a truce at least to the Boston *Herald*, which asks:

> "What can be the meaning of it all other than that science and philosophic thought are now doing something to equip religion for its work by supplying it with new points of view and with outlooks which bring in as never before the materials for wonder and reverence?
>
> "How could it be strange to read the Archbishop of Canterbury's recent deliverance, in which he told a great gathering of Archbishops and Bishops that the relations between religion and science were 'never so cordial as they are to-day'?
>
> "What can it signify when we find Dr. A. S. Eddington, the famous English astronomer, asserting that 'faith comes closer to reality than science,' and that, while science gives us only a symbolic description of reality, 'in the realm of spirit and mind we are conscious of a knowledge of ourselves that is more direct'?
>
> "As to Dr. Einstein, seemingly far off from the field of religious thought, he has just been quoted as lauding 'the God-given curiosity of the toiling experimenter and the constructive fantasy of the technical inventor.'
>
> "Surely, therefore, a church which hesitates not to honor that long-time center of bitter controversy, Charles Darwin, is doing something to hasten the day when religion and science will not only be in cordial relations with each other, but will officially clasp hands."

IT is an indication of broad humanity animating the compilers of the roster of scientists and philosophers, says the New York *Sun*. Religious prejudices did not circumscribe the field in which their selective faculty was exercised, and

> "Thus Darwin has place in the line, altho, in the words of the encyclopedia, the theory generally associated with his name at least 'indirectly refutes the traditional belief in the immutability of species and the expression of that belief in the current theological conception of a special or separate creation by direct divine interposition.'
>
> "It is unnecessary to direct attention to the inflexibility with which this conception of a special or separate creation is maintained by numerous Baptists as well as by Christians of other sects; the statute books and the records of State courts as well as the pulpit attest it.
>
> "Selection of Darwin for conspicuous celebration in the fabric of Riverside Church is bound to arouse, let it be said, discussion."

Religion an "Unfit Subject" in China

CHINA IS AGAIN AT WAR with Christianity.

The Nationalist Government, controlling most of China, has issued an order banning the teaching of religion in mission schools below the rank of junior college, the order being the reply of the Chinese authorities to the petition from Christian churches asking for a repeal of previously announced restrictions.

Moling Tsiang, the Minister of Education, says *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), makes four principal points in upholding the Government's policy:

> "In the first place, he objects to the teaching of Christianity without teaching, at the same time, the tenets of other faiths.
>
> "Second, he holds that unless children are protected from the approaches of religion in youth, they will not be free to make rational religious choices when maturity is reached.
>
> "Third, he declares that if, as they say, the churches are not conducting their schools as a means of gaining church members, they will not be deeply affected by the elimination of religion from the curriculum.
>
> "Fourth, he considers religion an unfit subject for inclusion in a modern scientific education.
>
> "The decision is announced as 'final and not subject to review.'
>
> "The Anglican Bishop in the province of Honan is reported already to have ordered all schools of that communion closed, and has even ordered some of them torn down. This move, it is said, is to prevent the Government from taking them over for public-school purposes.
>
> "It is well calculated to arouse intense resentment on the part of many Chinese."

Should the Babies Have a Secretary in the Cabinet?

THE HOME AND THE CHILD should be on a "parity of dignity" with agriculture, commerce, and national defense, says Representative Ruth Bryan Owen, Democrat, of Florida.

Therefore, the daughter of the great Commoner, herself the mother of four children, and interested in others, proposes to introduce in the next session of Congress a bill to create a Department of Home and Child in the President's Cabinet.

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Babies Important, Too

And the home and the child, says Representative Ruth Bryan Owen, should be on a "parity of dignity" with agriculture, and have a Secretary in the Cabinet.

Tall and slender, with iron-gray hair and striking dark eyes, this handsome, matronly woman is strongly suggestive of her distinguished father. Her voice is resonant and vibrant, as was his, and her outstanding characteristic is an appearance of strength, which gives added weight to her words when she is strongly moved, as she is said to be in behalf of Federal care for children.

The new department, probably to be headed by a woman, would, we read, "promote and foster education, home and family life, and child welfare." It would be authorized to conduct experiments and surveys in health, hygiene, infancy and prenatal care, education and training, neglect, dependency, delinquency, child labor, family housing, and home economics. All the scattered governmental agencies dealing with education, the American home and its children, would be amalgamated under the bill.

WELL, exclaims the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, sarcastically, if the new department is to promote and foster the home and the child as the Department of Commerce and the Department of Agriculture have promoted and fostered commerce and agriculture, the prospect is not very pleasing.

For, says the Baltimore paper, "to be on a parity of dignity with commerce at the present moment, the home and the child would have to be prostrate. To be on a parity of dignity with agriculture, they would have to be dilapidated, ragged, and desolate."

Furthermore:

> "If one is to judge by the promotion and fostering done by these two departments, Mrs. Owen's ideal is to see the American home and child attended by thousands of nosey, suspicious, and incompetent jobholders, probing into their most intimate affairs, harassing their legitimate activities, haling their responsible officials into court now and then, subjecting them to every idiotic experiment that any half-crazy theorist can devise.
>
> "This may be dignity, in Mrs. Owen's eyes, but it seems anything else to most people."

GOING farther than Mrs. Owen, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* contends that the home and the child should be on a higher level than commerce, agriculture, and national defense.

> "Indeed, the home and the child should be placed far beyond meddlesome governmental interference.
>
> "Many of the State and city governments have welfare departments which are doing good work within prescribed limits; but it is a grave question whether we should have a horde of Federal agents snooping around planning how the poor ought to live, and arranging their lives for them. We have numerous social agencies doing good work in this field and doing it along sane and sensible lines. Between these non-official bodies and the State and city bureaus we have enough surveying and regulating.
>
> "Mrs. Owen is right in urging the amalgamation of scattered governmental agencies dealing with these subjects, but it should not be carried to the extent of creating a new Cabinet position."

REPLYING to Mrs. Owen's statement that the child has been "dismembered" among the various governmental agencies, the Washington *Post* says that the "only answer necessary to meet her argument is that the Government does not deal with children; that social welfare is one of the responsibilities reserved by the States."

The Post notes that the Government does give some attention to the education of children, but only in a way to help the States to solve their educational problems. Home economics claims the attention of the Department of Agriculture, but only in relation to the greater problem with which the department deals. The Public Health Service is concerned with child health as a part of its general function. The Children's Bureau is somewhat more independent, but its work is closely related to that of the Department of Labor. And so, says *The Post:*

> "In so far as home life and child welfare are touched by these major governmental functions, they may be given attention.
>
> "But the Government is a federation of States.
>
> "The care of children is beyond its authority.
>
> "When Mrs. Owen asks that child welfare—a State function—be made the sole objective of an executive department, instead of a by-product of other Federal activities, she encroaches too far upon States' rights.
>
> "From this point of view, Mrs. Owen proposes not an act of coordination, but one of disintegration. She would divide the Government's Public Health Service, for example, between the department of 'home and child' and the Treasury Department, to the detriment of both economy and efficiency.
>
> "Furthermore, the development of a department of home and child would mean duplication of many State agencies to which social welfare activities have been entrusted."

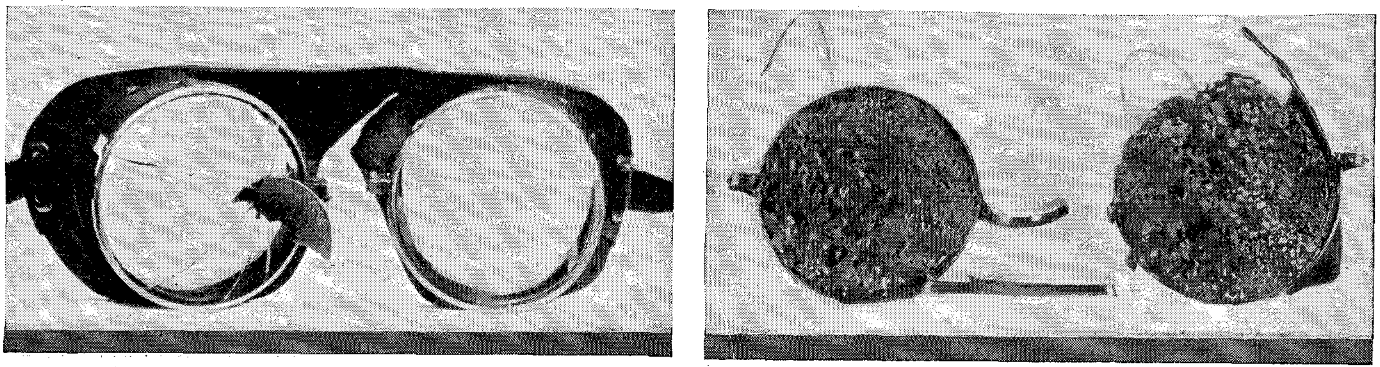
Saving Life at the Cradle

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS the infant mortality rate was nearly 100 for every 1,000 births.

Last year, according to a report by the American Child Health Association, the rate was 66.2 deaths in each thousand births, the second lowest rate to be recorded for cities in the United States. In 1927, during days of greater prosperity, the rate was 64.9.

This decline proves to the New Haven *Journal-Courier* that "we are appreciating, more and more, the sacrifice and cost involved in the creation of human life," and it goes on to say:

> "So long as we are placing a high premium on life, endeavoring to save it, and succeeding in that endeavor, our progress is upward.
>
> "Other conditions will improve. They always have.
>
> "If we can keep the health of the nation sound, and continue to cut down the infant mortality rate, which used to be such a dragon in our forest, we are proceeding up the mountain slope of achievement.
>
> "We are not there, by any matter of means. Sixty-six and a fraction deaths from every thousand are far too many. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that in spite of the economical bumps and bruises of the present day, we are all agreed that life is distinctly worth saving."



Goggles Pierced by a Piece of Metal

Splashed by Molten Metal

TWO CASES WHERE WORKMEN'S EYES WERE SAVED BY PROTECTIVE GOGGLES

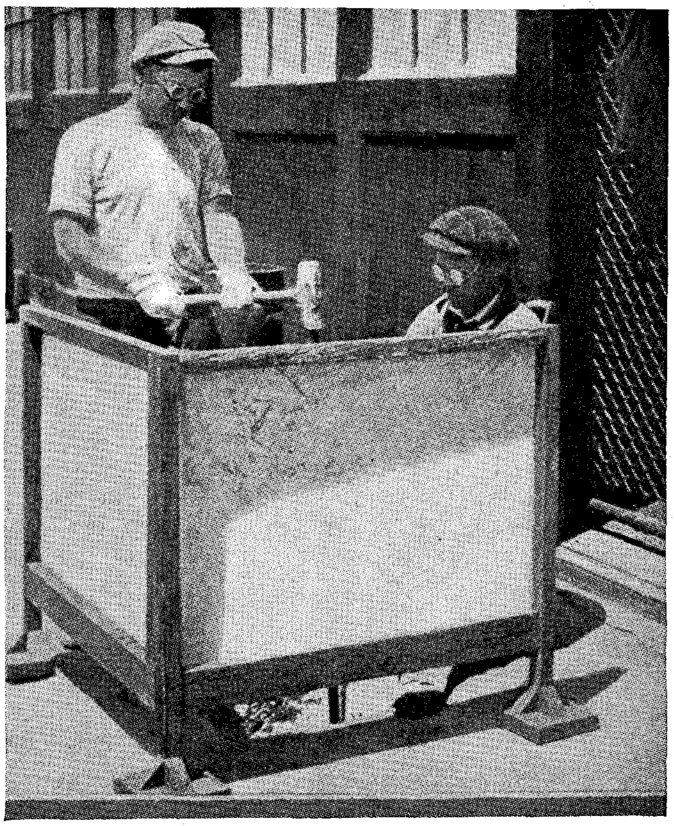
Ten Thousand Eyes Saved in Industry

MORE THAN 10,000 EYES and at least $46,000,000 were saved in two recent years among 583 industrial plants, employing a total of half a million workmen, we are told by the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, and the National Safety Council.

The two organizations set out to discover the total cases of workmen's eyes saved from serious injury or destruction through the use of goggles or head-masks; tho as the figures apply only to corporations with definite records, the number of eyes actually saved by protective devices in all American industry may be much larger. A press bulletin quotes Lewis H. Carris, managing director of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, as saying:

"In this study, the first of its kind ever made, it was assumed that an object which hit a goggle-lens with such force as to pierce or shatter the lens, would most certainly have so damaged the eye, if the goggles had not been worn, as to cause complete or nearly complete loss of vision. It was assumed, further, that every instance of a goggle-lens bespattered by molten metal or by corrosive or otherwise injurious chemicals, represented an eye saved.

"The increase in the use of destructive chemicals in industry during recent years is reflected in the data from miscellaneous manufacturing plants which recorded the spattering of both lenses with molten metal or injurious chemicals in the case of one employee out of every hundred in the industry within a year. In practically all these instances the glass-lens was so badly damaged by chemicals or molten metal that it had to be replaced."



Illustrations from the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, New York

100 Per Cent Safety in Road Repair

Goggles protect the workmen, and the shield protects passers-by.

MUCH has been said, remarks Mr. Carris, concerning the number of eyes lost in industry, the cost of industrial eye injuries, and the extent of blindness attributable to the eye hazards of industrial occupations. Little has been said concerning the number of eyes saved in industry, the economic gain of this saving to employer, employee, and nation, or the extent to which blindness from industrial causes may be averted. Little has been said concerning these matters, because practically no authentic data covering the experience of any large group of industries were available until this study was made. He proceeds:

"It is, of course, impossible to interpret accurately in terms of dollars the cost of blindness, or the gain from prevention. Workmen's compensation laws, however, set certain arbitrary values on sight; and the experience of insurance companies and of large numbers of employers has provided a formula for arriving at estimates of the incidental cost of industrial accidents. It is, therefore, possible to arrive at some conclusions concerning the economic results to the country at large, from the saving of eyes recorded in this study.

"The eye hazards of industry have come to be one of the most serious causes of blindness in America. There is, in fact, considerable ground for the belief that each year more persons are permanently robbed of their sight by occupational hazards than by any other major cause of blindness.

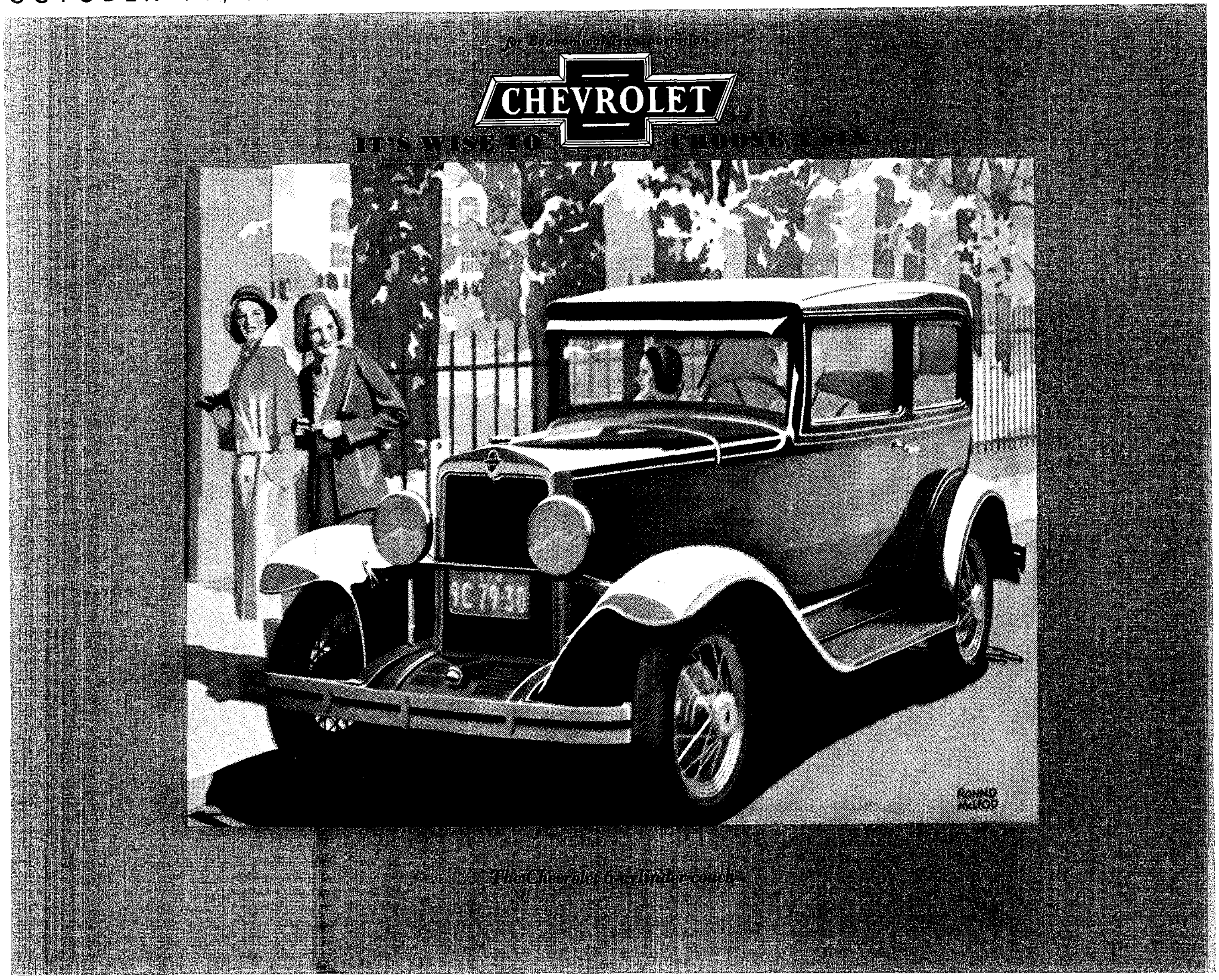
"This is due largely to the fact that innumerable persons, employers and employees alike, still do not realize, or do not believe, that it is possible to prevent accidental eye injuries. It is due also to failure to appreciate the tremendous financial loss from blinding men and women in industry. Eye accidents are still considered by many persons unavoidable accompaniments of certain industrial processes."

THESE are misconceptions, we are told; industrial eye injuries are largely preventable; and their prevention is productive of enormous savings to employer, employee, and the nation. We read further:

"Comments volunteered by safety engineers and plant-managers indicate that in thousands of instances tiny fragments of metal or mineral were imbedded in or fused with the goggle-lenses, and that a high percentage of these instances represents the prevention of blindness or of serious eye injuries.

"Many plants reported they were using non-shatterable lenses. These and, in fact, the lenses of ordinary goggles and masks, may be struck dozens of times by large pieces of metal without being pierced or shattered. Any estimate of the number of eyes saved in industry based on the record of goggle-lenses broken, shattered, or spattered with molten metal or destructive chemicals while in use, is, therefore, most conservative."

The survey covered 166 metal-working companies, 66 chemical, 53 building-material, 42 mining, quarrying, and smelting, 35 railway, 25 automotive, and 196 miscellaneous concerns.


for Economical Transportation
CHEVROLET
IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX
9C 79-30
The Chevrolet 6-cylinder coach

Chevrolet's liberal service policy protects every Chevrolet owner

There is comfort and satisfaction in knowing—when you invest in a Chevrolet Six—that a liberal service policy will protect you wherever you care to drive. Under the terms of the Chevrolet Owner's Service Policy, any one of Chevrolet's 10,000 dealers anywhere in the United States or Canada will make regular free inspections every thousand miles throughout the life of the car. Any Chevrolet dealer will make replacements with no charge for parts or *labor*, as specified in the new Chevrolet Owner's Service Policy! Think how much more satisfying it is to own a car with this protection—how much more economical! Think how dependable a car must be to *warrant* such a liberal service policy!

CHEVROLET SIX

FEATURES: 50-horsepower six-cylinder motor . . . de luxe wire wheels at no extra cost . . . a variety of attractive colors . . . modern, long, semi-elliptic springs . . . fully enclosed four-wheel brakes Fisher hardwood-and-steel bodies . . . safety gasoline tank in the rear . . . and, for your protection, a new and liberal Chevrolet service policy.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

Buy a Used Buick and Enjoy the Thrill of a Big, Powerful Car

Big, roomy, powerful! A fine used Buick with all of Buick's famed roadability and reliability at the price of a small new car! What motor car investment can compare with this from the standpoint of enjoyment and economy!

To save money is one thing. To save money yet obtain the luxury of a used Buick at bargain prices is the height of wise buying. And your Buick Dealer is now offering used Buicks retaining as much as 80% of their original mileage for as little as 60% of their original cost.

You and the family will enjoy the extra distinction, extra comfort, extra roominess and roadability which permit Buick passengers to derive the fullest satisfaction from every mile of travel.

You will rejoice in the virile performance of the Buick Valve-in-Head engine—the thrill of big car mastery—as you sweep smoothly and silently through traffic, over hills and past other cars with that superb ease which has made Buick a two-to-one choice among cars in its price class.

And you can count on day-after-day reliability and year-after-year endurance, of course. A Buick is always a Buick. It has the rare capacity of *remaining young*, as is proved by the fact that many Buicks are serving faithfully with more than 100,000 miles on the speedometer.

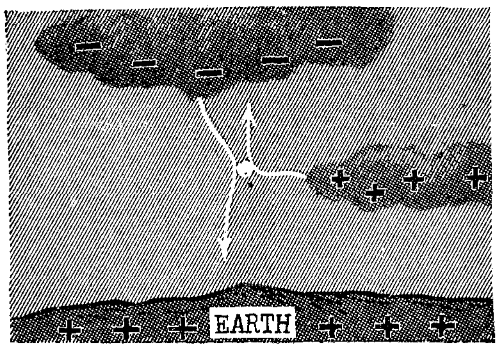
The next best buy to a new Buick is one of these fine used Buicks at the remarkably low prices now prevailing. The proof is that more people buy used Buicks, year after year, than many makes of new cars. Decide now to own the Buick you've long wanted, and make satisfaction doubly sure by purchasing from a Buick Dealer. You can pay on the extremely liberal G. M. A. C. plan, if you like.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
CANADIAN FACTORIES: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Buick

A New Theory of Ball Lightning

A NEW EXPLANATION of this phenomenon, offered by a German physicist, Professor Meissner, is given in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart). First, he suggests we may prepare for a clear understanding by an experiment that any one may try for himself. In a vessel containing water, he says, such as a bathtub, we may produce a current by means of a quick motion of the hand. If we use both hands, two currents in opposite directions may be obtained by moving the hands past one another. In this case, we observe an eddy between the currents. Thus, our first result is this: When two currents move past one another in opposite directions, an eddy is formed. This is also true of currents in the air. He continues:



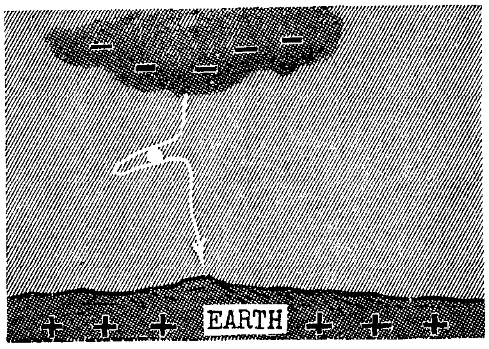
Ball Formed by Two Flashes

"In order to examine the eddy, we change the experiment. We move the hand circularly in the water until a sufficiently deep eddy is generated. When we cease the motion, the eddy still continues for a little while. In its movement it follows any current that happens to be there. It is similar to the eddy formed when a stone is thrown into flowing water; it continues for a while and flows with the stream.

"Every lightning discharge causes a strong air-current, for its path is a stream of luminous gases. When two lightning-paths pass one another in opposite directions, there rises a whirl of luminous gas, which takes the form of a globe. Here we have the 'ball' or 'globe' lightning.

"Still, there are a few more problems to be solved: Why does the air-whirl adopt the form of a ball, whereas the water-eddy, as we have observed, does not do so? Well, the water-eddy in the experiment is a surface phenomenon, which, moreover, is strongly influenced by the force of gravity. But the luminous gases are very slightly influenced by gravity, and are not on the surface, but in the air. Therefore, the eddy develops undisturbed in all directions, and becomes a globe.

"Again, when do two lightning paths pass one another? Of course, this happens rarely, and thus ball lightning is not a frequent phenomenon. In the first illustration one lightning-flash descends from a cloud to the earth, while another travels from cloud to cloud. In the second, two paths are formed by deflection of a single discharge.



Ball Due to Diverted Flash

"In the interior of ball lightning there is an exhausted space; as it were, it is 'hollow.' The incandescent gases circle with great velocity—five miles a second or more—and they are driven outward by the centrifugal force. On the other hand, the pressure of the air restrains them on the outside, so that the lightning-ball remains for some time in a state of equilibrium and retains its form. When finally the equilibrium is disturbed, the air penetrates the ball and the lightning vanishes.

"The ignited gases are charged with electricity. Hence it happens that, owing to electrostatic attraction, ball lightning moves alongside metals."

Jewish Blood and Gentile Blood

A STRIKING difference between Gentile and Jewish blood when tested with various chemicals was discovered recently by a Russian biologist, Dr. E. O. Manoiloff, creating considerable stir among biologists and anthropologists. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"Dr. Manoiloff worked on Jewish and Gentile Russians.

"He added to a blood clot a goodly amount of salt solution and a few drops of a dyestuff, called cresyl-violet. In Jewish blood the color of the cresyl-violet disappeared entirely, or almost so, and a bluish or greenish tinge alone remained, while in the Gentile Russian blood the cresyl-violet remained partly insoluble, and appeared blue-red.

"The Jewish blood oxidized the dye more readily than the Russian. Dr. Manoiloff requested several investigators to send him samples of Jewish and Russian blood, marked only with numbers, the identity of the samples being known only to the sender.

"He tested 202 samples and gave the correct answer in 187 cases, that is 91.7 per cent. Madame Poliakowa, working in the State Institute of the Public Health Commissariat at Leningrad, applied Manoiloff's race-test to the determination of paternity. In cases of pure marriages, where father and mother belonged to the same nationality, the child's blood reaction corresponded to that of the parents. In mixed marriages the color of the child's blood resembled either the father's or the mother's.

"Mixed marriages between Russians on the one hand, and Germans, Poles, and Finns on the other, made the child's blood look Russian, whereas a match between a Russian and a Jew resulted in Jewish-blooded babies.

"She concluded that in racially pure marriages the child's blood has the same reaction as the father's and mother's; that if the child's and mother's blood give a different reaction, the father does not belong to the mother's nationality; and finally that if the child has a distinct race reaction which does not correspond to the mother's nationality, the father may belong to the nationality, the reaction of which has been found in the child."

Burning a Hole in a Fog

A SUCCESSFUL small-scale experiment in the artificial dissipation of fog is described in the *Bulletin* of the American Meteorological Society on the authority of R. C. Soney. Here is the story as quoted in Charles Fitzhugh Talman's Science Service feature *Why the Weather?* (Washington):

"A pilot taking off from Cleveland for New York was informed that while the air was clear both at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and Hadley Field, New York, the visibility was decreasing, and clouds showed a tendency to close in.

"The pilot, however, decided to risk the flight, thinking that he could land at Bellefonte in case Hadley Field were foggy. Reaching Bellefonte, the pilot found the field foggy and the landing impracticable. Hadley Field was still clear."

WHEN half-way from Bellefonte to Hadley there came the report by radio that fog had closed in on Hadley, which put the flyer in a bad predicament:

"Without sufficient gas to return to Cleveland, and with no landing practicable at Bellefonte, the pilot continued toward Hadley. The ground organization at Hadley, of which Mr. Soney was then a member, could soon hear the airplane circling overhead, and now and then throttling down and almost making a landing, but zooming up again just before it could have touched the ground.

"The fog was too dense.

"Realizing that the pilot would soon be out of gas and would have to land somewhere, the ground organization undertook to burn a hole through the fog by pouring and igniting two fifty-gallon hogsheads of gasoline in the center of the field. The pilot, who was apprised by radio of the plan, circled around the fire, watching for a hole. As the fire died down a hole appeared, through which the pilot dived to a safe landing on the field."

Presumably, Mr. Talman adds, the fog, in this particular instance at least, was shallow, and the air was very probably calm. "Generally speaking, the dissipation of a fog by heating it is, according to circumstances, either physically impossible or prohibitively expensive."

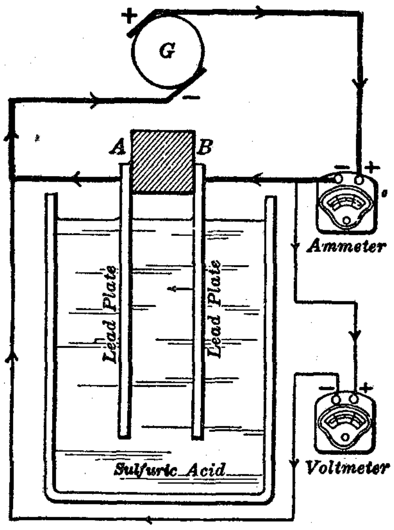
How Common Things Work

XXXV—Storage Batteries

NO ELECTRICITY IS STORED in the electric storage battery.

Storage batteries are used all about us on automobiles, on submarines, in radio equipment, for private lighting plants, and in many other ways.

Electric current is used to charge the battery, and it yields current again when discharged.



Principle of the Battery

Nevertheless, no electricity is stored in the cell.

What is stored is chemical energy, which is changed again into the electrical form at the moment of discharge. How this is done is described as follows in Black and Davis's "New Practical Physics." (Macmillan Company, New York):

"Some people think of a storage battery as a sort of condenser where electricity is stored; but it is not that.

"In the storage battery, as in any other battery, the electrical energy comes from the chemical energy in the cells. The charging process consists in forming certain chemical substances by passing electricity through a solution. In the discharging process, electricity is produced by the chemical action of the substances which have been formed in the charging process.

"We may make a small lead storage cell by putting two sheets of ordinary lead in a glass battery jar with a very dilute solution of sulfuric acid. To charge it or 'form' the plates quickly, we connect this cell with a battery of three or more cells; or better, with a generator of about 6 volts. While the current is passing, bubbles of gas rise from each plate. If, after a few minutes, we disconnect the generator and connect an electric bell, the bell rings. When the plates are lifted out of the solution after charging, one plate is brown, because of a coating of lead peroxid, and the other is the usual gray of pure lead.

"In the commercial lead storage cell, the negative plates are pure spongy lead, the positive are lead peroxid, and the electrolyte is dilute sulfuric acid. During the charging process the dark brown positive plate is coated with lead peroxid, and the gray negative plate is made into spongy lead. In the discharging process, both plates gradually return to a condition in which each is covered with lead sulfate.

"The plates in the commercial lead battery are either roughened and then changed by a chemical process into the proper active materials, lead peroxid and spongy lead, or are punched full of holes which are filled with the active material."

THE most familiar form of storage battery, we are reminded, is doubtless that used on automobiles for starting, lighting, and ignition, and in radio receiving sets. Since the majority of automobile owners are careless about giving the battery, which is the heart and center of the starting and lighting system, the attention it should have, these batteries have to be built for abuse as well as for use. Further:

"Very large storage batteries are used in connection with central power stations to regulate the load by helping to carry the 'peak' loads, and to serve as reserve power in emergency. Large storage batteries are used on submarine boats; for while the boat is submerged, it is wholly dependent for power on its batteries. Storage batteries are also used for train lighting, and are in this case charged from an axle-driven generator. There is also a large field of usefulness for the storage battery in heavy trucks.

"There are many other important uses of the storage battery—e. g., in radio telegraphy and radio telephony, for private lighting plants where the service of a central station is not available, for telephone exchanges and telegraph circuits, for fire-alarm and signal systems, and in testing laboratories where a constant voltage is necessary.

"The great objections to the lead storage battery are its weight, its expense, and its need of close supervision. Thomas A. Edison has invented a storage cell in which the negative plate is pure iron in a steel frame, the positive plate is nickel peroxid, and the solution is caustic soda.

"Since this cell is intended for traction work, great pains have been taken to make it light, strong, and compact. Instead of being placed in a glass or hard-rubber tank, it has a thin, nickel-plated, sheet-steel case. In a lead cell the normal voltage on discharge is 2 volts; in the Edison cell it is 1.2 volts. For the same capacity of output, the Edison cell is about half as heavy as the lead cell. As the internal resistance of the Edison is a little more than that of the lead cell, its efficiency is a little lower."

Man's Dirty Clothes

HE SENDS HIS UNDERCLOTHING to the wash, but he buys coat and trousers of dark cloth so that they "won't show the dirt."

Dirt, however, is just as bad when you don't see it.

Man's habits need cleaning up, says *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.) We read:

"Personal cleanliness is for human beings a very recent acquisition. Most lower animals keep themselves clean. Note how meticulously tidy is the house cat.

"The cave man reveled in dirt, and so did every European in the Middle Ages. The leather breeches and unshorn sheepskin shirts worn alike by peasants, proprietors, and high-church officials, were never washed. The Russian peasant still goes into winter quarters in November, and never thinks of bathing until he comes out in the spring. In some parts of Spain, two baths suffice for a lifetime, one by the midwife, the other by the undertaker.

"The Finnish mother sews her children up in the fall, and provides for a change of clothes in the spring. The writer once found such a sewed-in child suffering from smallpox in a New York tenement. The mother refused to have the clothing removed because she knew the health officer would destroy it.

"But we are beginning to cultivate more cleanly habits.

"The wearing of underclothing, which may be frequently changed, protects our outer clothing from soiling with body wastes; but our outer garments, especially those of men, store up accumulations of germs and dirt from a great variety of sources. The dark colors conceal the dirt, which brushing and even the dry cleaners do not remove.

"Women wear lighter colors and washable fabrics and change often, and so their garments are cleaner. Women wear much less clothing than men, and so suffer much less from overheating, especially in warm weather, a common cause of summer colds and sinusitis. Of course, the cold does not come directly from the overheating. A cold, a sinusitis, is an acute infection. The germs are already on the spot, but asleep, so to speak. Overheating and after-chilling lower the resistance and awaken the germs to activity.

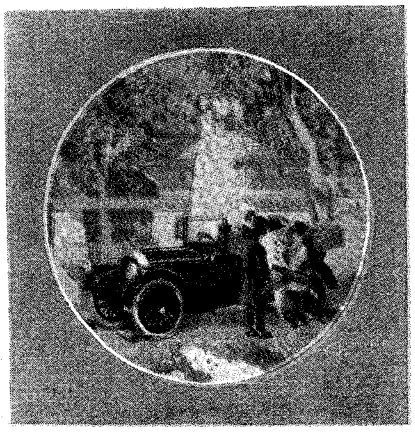
"The heavy dark clothing worn by men is most uncleanly and unhygienic. The universal excuse for dark colors is that light colors show dirt. That is a good reason for choosing light colors. The dirt is there when it does not show. Dark shades are a camouflage for not only dirt but germs and disease.

"Dark and heavy clothing not only accumulates dirt and germs but excludes from the skin the beneficent solar rays, the greatest of all disinfectant and vitalizing agents. Thin, or loosely woven, white fabrics permit the sun's rays to reach the surface of the body.

"A men's dress reform movement is needed. Who will start it? White garments for both winter and summer. Porous fabrics that will permit contact of light and air with the body surface and allow emanations from the skin to escape and perspiration to dry quickly, and less clothing to burden the body and cause overheating and after-chilling.

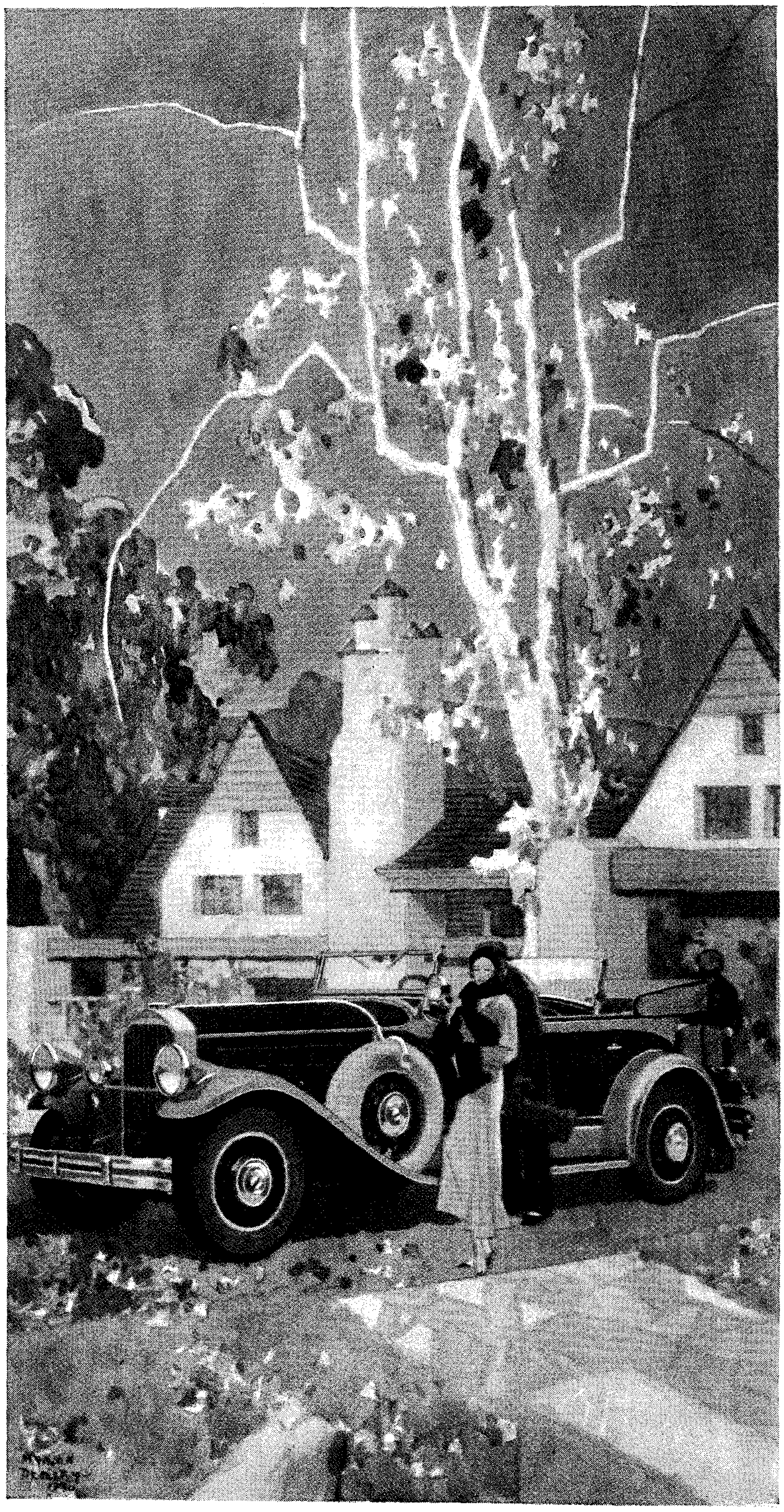
"The modern woman has shocked our sensibilities by casting off nearly all her nether garments, but appears to have gained something of the same hardiness enjoyed by the barelegged Highlanders of Scotland and the mountaineers of Greece.

"Will the women allow their husbands and brothers to dress as scantily as they do themselves? From a health standpoint it seems that the less clothes we wear the better."



Fifteen years ago, Myron Perley painted the Pierce-Arrow portrait shown in miniature above. Time's changes are interestingly revealed in the artist's 1930 portrayal of the same scene, alongside.

PIERCE ARROW



THERE are deep and personal gratifications in Pierce-Arrow ownership which have no counterpart in the possession of any other motor car, however fine.

A Pierce-Arrow, for example, commands a gracious right-of-way wherever it moves. It meets always a certain prideful recognition which America reserves for things that are particularly fine—and that are its own.

There is reassurance, too, in the knowledge that one's automobile has *individual character*—a quality so inherent with Pierce-Arrow that it is apparent in every phase of the car's distinguished performance, in every line of its slender beauty and grace.

The fame of Pierce-Arrow goes back to the beginning of quality automobiles. The name has always borne the distinction of belonging to *America's finest motor car.*

THREE NEW GROUPS
of STRAIGHT EIGHTS
132 to 144-inch Wheelbases
$2695 to $6250 at Buffalo
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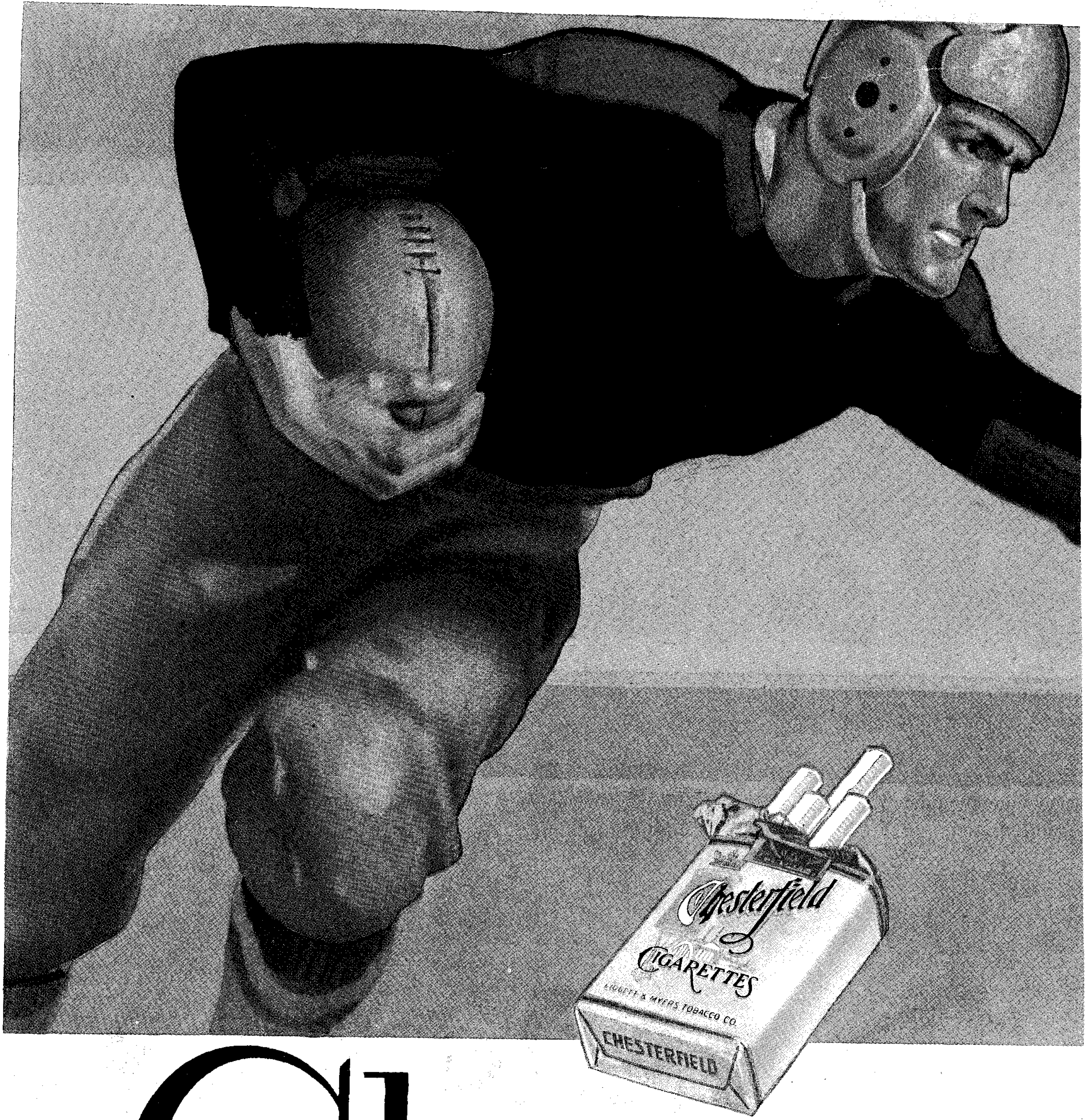
ONE *will alway*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CHESTERFIELD

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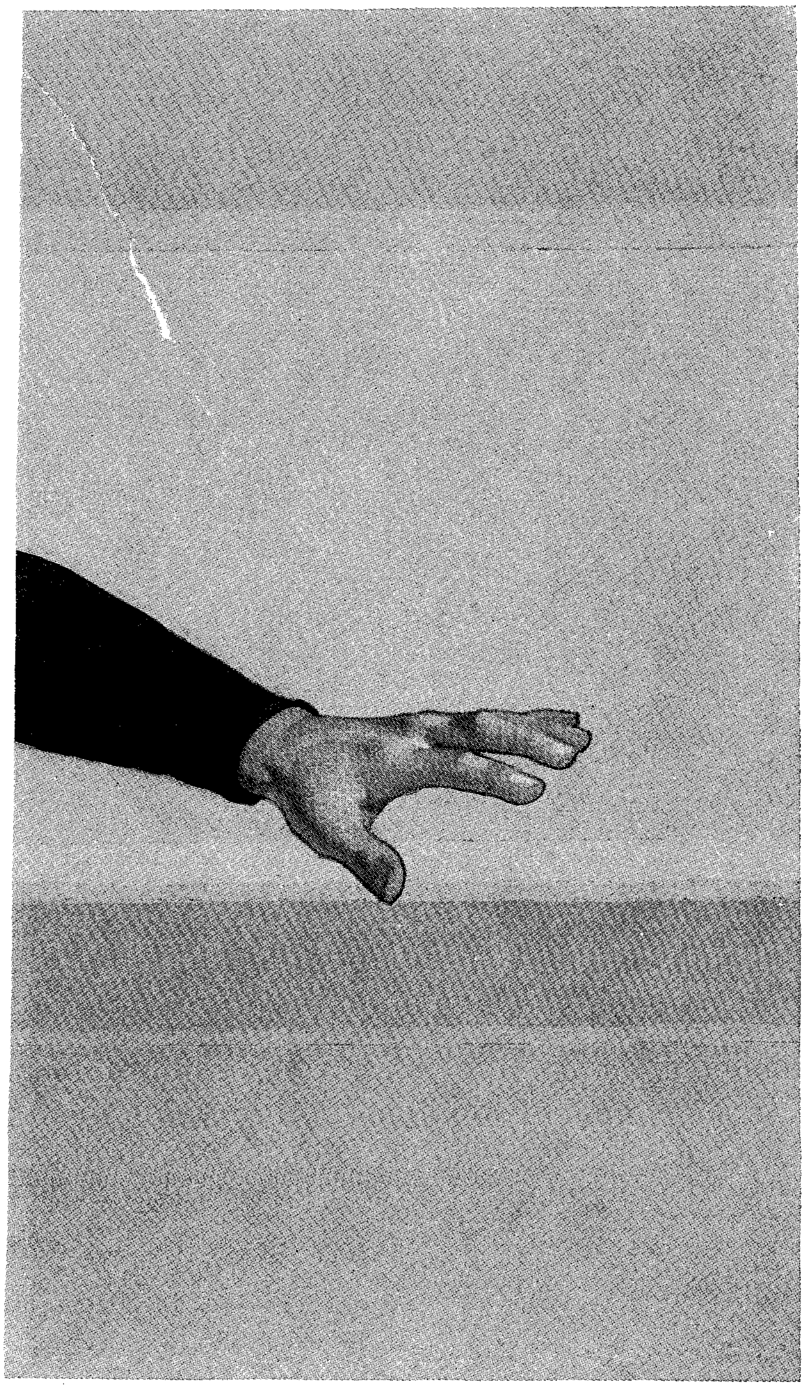


You don't have to learn to like them

THE brilliant, breathless "get-away" of a star back brings the crowd to its feet by a common impulse.

Equally natural and spontaneous is the response of smokers to Chesterfield's satisfying goodness, its wholesome smoothness.

No one ever has to "acquire" a taste for Chesterfield. Smokers take to its pleasing flavor instinctively.

And here's why:

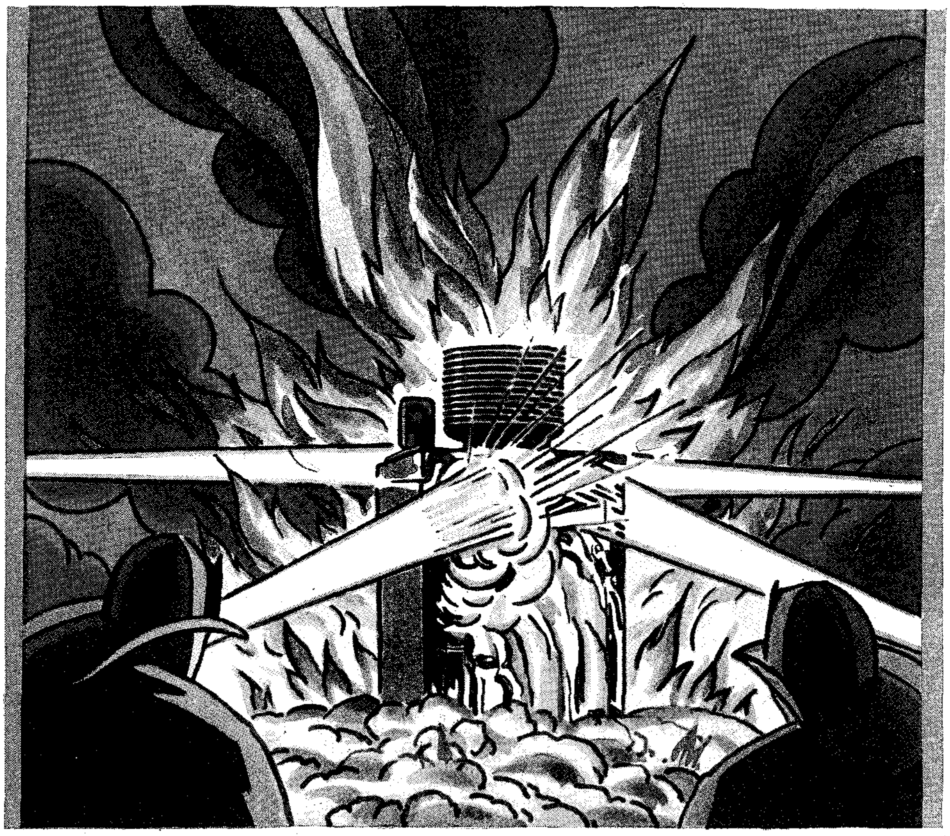
Chesterfield takes the sure, undeviating course to the one goal that counts in a cigarette—fragrant mildness and a ripened richness, without a hint of harshness or irritation. In short

MILDER . . . *and*
BETTER TASTE

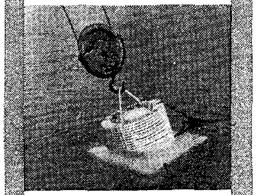
field *They Satisfy*

Fire and Flood *and* Raging Blizzard

powerless to check the dependable operation of the Monitor Top



FIRE—For hours they baked and roasted it in a roaring fire. It still ran on!



FLOOD—In the icy waters of the Erie Canal they drowned it. It still ran on!

BLIZZARD—They buried it in a giant tower of ice. It still ran on!

SAND—They smothered it in an avalanche of sand. It still ran on!

NEVER—through all its years of faithful service in the peace and quiet of your home—will the General Electric Refrigerator be required to withstand such tests as these. But what years of service you may expect from the refrigerator that *can* survive the most terrific ravages of time and wear! In the Monitor Top, the entire mechanism is fortified against air, dirt and moisture with impregnable walls of steel. Buried in sand, frozen in ice, drowned in water, roasted in flames, the General Electric still ran on!

A refrigerator so dependable, so efficient, is within the means of *everyone.* It is true economy to own one. Why not look at one this very day? Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory, and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. Write us for the latest issue of our magazine, "The Silent Hostess". It will tell you a lot about the economy in modern, electric refrigeration. Address Section D-10, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

When T. R. Despaired on the River of Doubt

"YOU AND KERMIT GO ON. You can get out. I will stop here."

It was a very sick and crippled Theodore Roosevelt, weakened by fever, short rations, insect bites, and an infected wound, who proposed this tragic solution to George K. Cherrie, the ornithologist of the River of Doubt expedition.

Illustrations from "Dark Trails," G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York

Ex-President Roosevelt in His Canoe on the Tragic River

No word of this desperate situation crept into Colonel Roosevelt's "Through the Brazilian Wilderness," published in 1914, but now, after sixteen years, Cherrie tells the moving story in the last chapter of his "Dark Trails: Adventures of a Naturalist" (Putnam's).

How serious was the predicament of the River of Doubt expedition during its weeks of isolation is now made known to the world, and the accuracy of Mr. Cherrie's recollections—reenforced by his diary—is assured by the fact that Kermit Roosevelt writes an admiring foreword for "Dark Trails."

There was hardly any game in that rugged country. The Brazil-nut crop, which had been counted upon to replenish the expedition's larder, was a failure. The difficulties of the rapids and portages were prodigious, and many of the men were fever-stricken. That much can be gathered from the naturalist's account, and a great deal more can be divined. For Cherrie does not pile on the agony by any means. While he tells much more than Roosevelt, he still leaves much to the imagination.

THERE are lighter touches, too. For instance, Cherrie got a kick out of having his clothes washed by an ex-President of the United States. Never before in his checkered life, he confesses, had any such laundryman scoured his undies. And the Colonel, we gather, scoured 'em well. Up to that time, the washing of the American trio had been done by Cherrie and Kermit, turn and turn about. On the day in question, it was Cherrie's turn. He had taken the bundle to the water's edge to begin his laundering, when the Colonel returned from watching Kermit trying to get the canoes through some difficult rapids, and asked Cherrie to go and give him a hand.

The naturalist began rolling up the clothes to park them among the stones, when Colonel Roosevelt said:

"Never mind those things, I'll take care of them."

And when the other two returned to camp that evening, they found that the ex-President had washed the clothes and hung them up to dry.

At the outset of his River of Doubt chapter, Cherrie warns us that his account will not always agree with that given by the Colonel. Because, as he explains, the Colonel "did not give adequate stress to many of the daily occurrences," and "did not attach sufficient importance to his own part in our many adventures."

AND here, as a case in point, Mr. Cherrie quotes from his own diary an account of the salvaging of two canoes, which had been capsized through entanglement with creepers overhanging a rock in a dangerous rapid. The Colonel dashed into the water to help save them, and gashed his shin on a sharp rock. The ugly wound lingered on as a running sore, we learn, and did not completely heal until he left the shores of Brazil. Added to fever and dysentery, it was responsible for much of the ex-President's suffering during the descent of the unexplored river which now bears his name.

T. R. in his book had merely mentioned that by his own "clumsiness" he had "bruised" his leg against a boulder, and the resulting inflammation was "somewhat bothersome." Nothing about being crippled. Nothing about day after day of pain, fever, and famine. Much natural history. Beasts, birds, and trees.

Cherrie had shot a large, dark gray monkey with a prehensile tail. Very good eating.

Nothing about any previous hunger or anxiety about mealtimes!

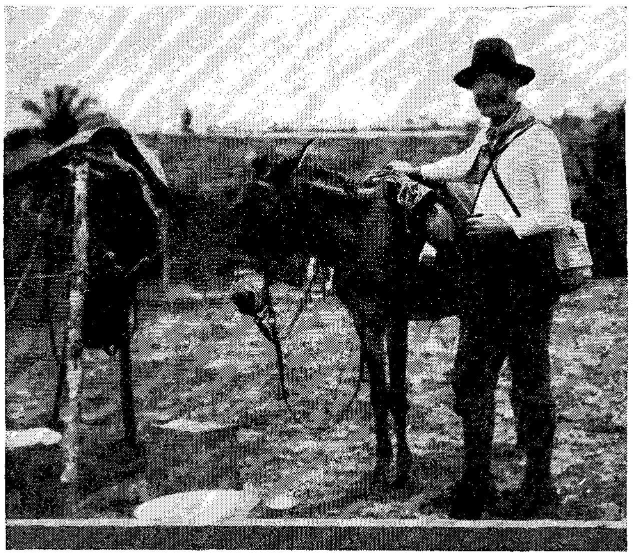
Cherrie shot a jacu—um-hum—akin to turkey—more good eating, but at long intervals.

Again—another interval—Cherrie shot two monkeys and Kermit one.

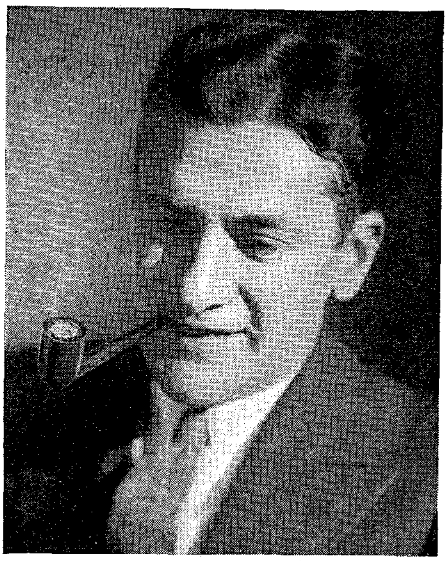
All the pleasant incidents, but few of the painful ones!

Above all, no hint of what follows (we quote direct from "Dark Trails"):

> As he and I went down the trail to our camp at the foot of the rapids, his heart was so affected that frequently he had to sit down and rest. He was evidently in great pain, because three or four times he threw himself on the ground and begged me to go on.
>
> A curious effect of our having been on short rations for so long showed itself in our conversation in the evenings. We talked much about the river and its rapids, which were ever present in



Naturalist Cherrie and His Pet Mule



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IN a pipe, tobacco gets its real chance to let you know what sturdy, robust comfort smoking *can* mean. In a pipe, tobacco can breathe and live. It can smolder down evenly and slowly as it should. Only thus can you get the true relish of good tobacco, the joy of rich, cool smoke.

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Get a good pipe and pack some Edgeworth in it—that fine old burley blend whose flavor never changes. After a few pipefuls you'll understand why men throughout the world are Edgeworth's lifelong friends once they get acquainted. And we'll introduce you. Send us that coupon at the bottom of the page. We'll send you a generous, glad-to-meet-you packet of genuine Edgeworth, free. That's how sure we are you'll like each other.

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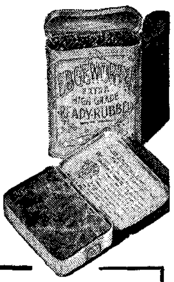

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My name__________________

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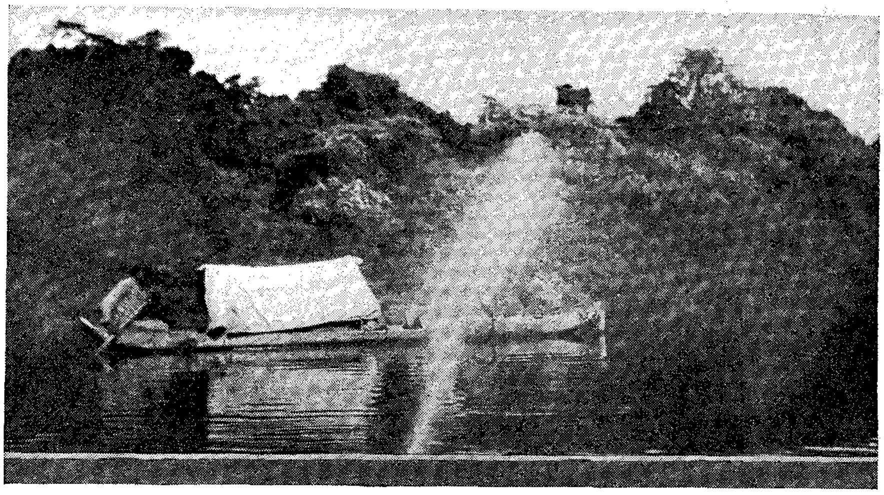
Now let the Edgeworth come! J-41

our thoughts; but we also talked incessantly about food and we invariably told one another what we were going to have when we got home.

Colonel Roosevelt always wanted a mutton chop "with a tail to it!" Kermit, I think, wanted strawberries and cream; while I longed for griddle cakes and maple sirup.

WHILE the River of Doubt (*Rio da Duvida*) became the *Rio Roosevelt*, two of its little tributaries discovered by the expedition were named by Colonel Rondon, for the Brazilian Government, *Rio Kermit* and *Rio Cherrie*. It was soon after passing the latter that the adventurers found the river ahead of them rushing into a narrow, boulder-strewn gorge where the boiling rapids were impassable. Mr. Cherrie tells us:



A Canopy to Shield the Colonel from the Fierce Sun and Showers

> The portage was a difficult one.
>
> The mountains on each side were precipitous, rising abruptly from the river's edge, but by creeping along narrow ledges and sometimes wading around projections of the perpendicular wall, nearly always up to our waists in the foaming, rushing torrent, we won our way through. That evening, after making camp Rondon, Lyra and Kermit pushed ahead for a mile or two to explore.
>
> The report they brought back was full of ill omen. I have never forgotten the expression on Rondon's face when he said: "We shall have to abandon our canoes and every man fight for himself through the forest."
>
> Had we done so, I doubt if any one of us would ever have come through. To all of us his report was practically a sentence of death. Kermit and I refused to consider such a plan, feeling that our only salvation lay in the party holding together and at least making every effort to get our canoes through the canyon. This, fortunately, we succeeded in doing.
>
> Colonel Roosevelt was a very sick man, and the effect of Rondon's report on him, with his feeling of keen responsibility to us all, was such that I felt he might not live through the night.
>
> After the camp had quieted down Kermit and I took turns watching by the Colonel's side. Toward morning, after I had retired to my hammock, suddenly he started up and asked:
>
> "Did Cherrie have a good dinner tonight?"
>
> And Kermit, realizing that his father's mind was wandering, said:
>
> "Yes, we all had a fine dinner."
>
> An hour or two later I was wakened by the Colonel's voice: "Cherrie! Cherrie!" I sprang out of my hammock and with Kermit stood by his side. We talked for a few minutes of the difficulties and dangers ahead of us, and the Colonel finally said: "Boys, I realize that some of us are not going to finish this journey." Then he turned to me.

And it was here that T. R. proposed the despairing plan already disclosed, saying: "Cherrie, I want you and Kermit to go on. You can get out. I will stop here." They pooh-poohed the sick man's idea, of course, and soothed him as well as they could. But Cherrie tells us in another place:

> The last entry in my journal under this date was: "It is doubtful if all our party ever reaches Manaos."

NEXT we come to a bit of melodrama—the murder by Julio, the Portuguese bowman of the Colonel's canoe. T. R. told the story in his book, but it bears retelling in the freer style of Cherrie. First we hear of the loss of a canoe in another canyon, after a period of struggle during which Cherrie himself was too fever-stricken to make any entries in his diary. Then we read on:

> This loss was a disaster, but the day was to prove one of worse tragedy.
>
> A little later Colonel Roosevelt, Kermit and I walked to the foot of the first carry just above the falls where we were going to assemble our supplies. Rondon, with some of the men, had gone ahead to cut a trail over the hills and along the face of the cliffs to the foot of the canyon. Lyra was at the entrance of the canyon clearing away obstructions so that the ropes might be used in letting down the canoes. The remainder of the men were engaged in bringing the supplies forward to the point where the three of us were waiting.
>
> We had not given much attention to the coming and going of the men. A part of our food had already been brought down and deposited near us, and three or four of our rifles were leaning against a tree close to where we were sitting. Finally, Julio, our Portuguese boatman, and a powerful brute, who from the beginning had made trouble among the men and had shirked his work on every occasion, came up groaning and muttering to himself. As he put

(*Continued on page 37*)

Not taken for granted... taken apart!

2000 tests a day made in the Mobiloil laboratories—to insure quality

In the making of Mobiloil for your car, your engine is not taken for granted. It is taken *apart.* Its lubrication needs are studied.

Each run of finished Mobiloil is also "taken apart." The 2000 tests insure its quality and its correctness for your engine.

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Or you'll notice another group. They are intently observing oils simmering in little copper dishes. At intervals they pass tapers over the oils to find the temperature at which they ignite. This tells them how well each oil will resist heat. They later burn the oil to determine the amount and the kind of carbon it leaves.

Then you'll see other men working with delicate instruments that determine the strength of the film formed by an oil on metal surfaces. This indicates the ability of the oil to keep down wear in the moving parts of your engine.

And so on with group after group—each plays its part in the complete testing of Mobiloil quality.

Where else can you find such protection?

Sometimes oil-making does not go much beyond the crude oil well. That's why you hear so much talk about "crudes." In making Mobiloil, the strict control of quality follows each refining step until the finished oil is ready for your engine.

Where else will you find such complete recognition of your engine's needs? Such certainty that they are fully met—that your engine will be fully protected?

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Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

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NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930		1929		1928		1927	
	Engine		Engine		Engine		Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Black Hawk	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
De Soto	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash-Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

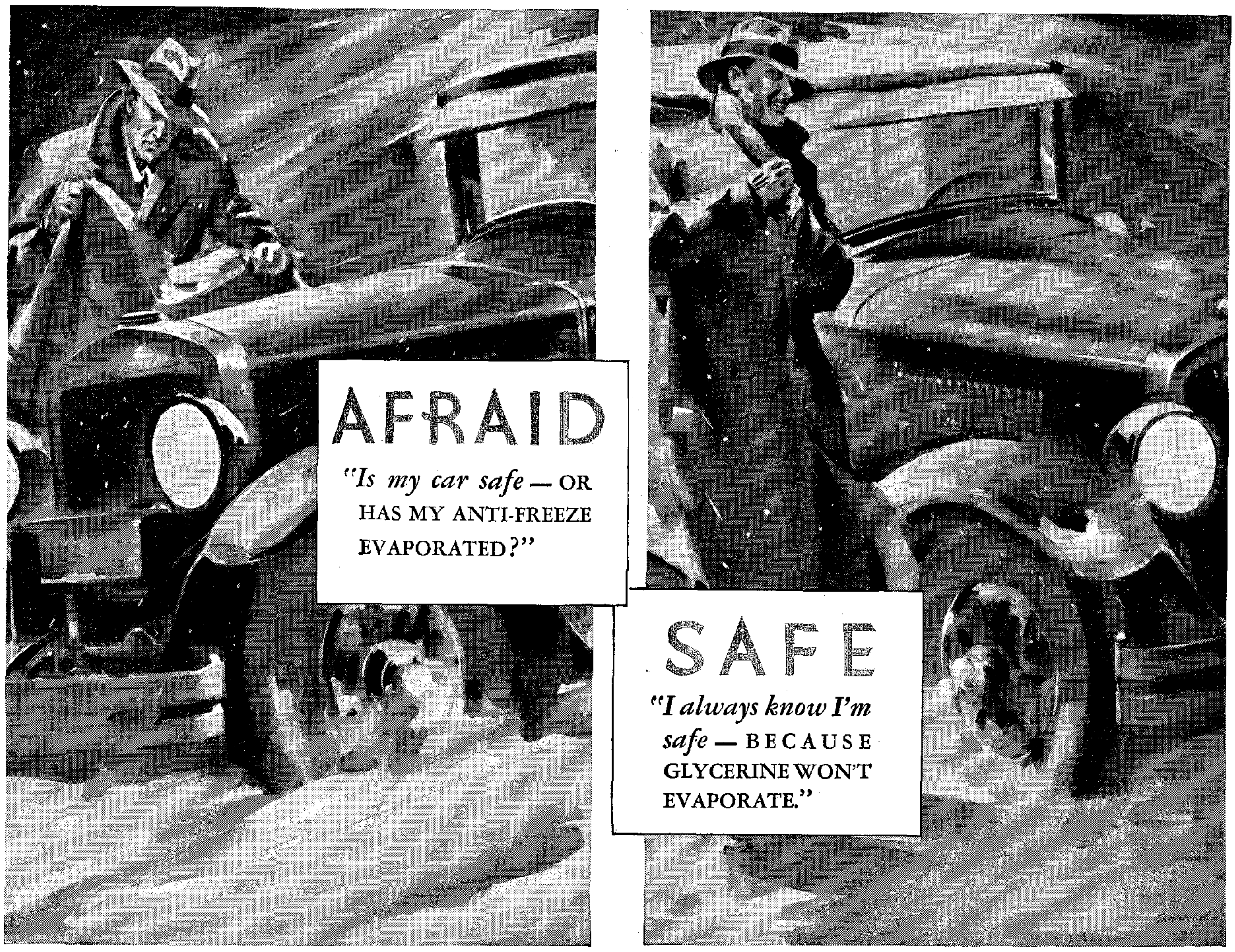
Motor oil is *made . . . not found!*

Mobiloil

Ask here for Gargoyle Mobiloil

GLYCERINE

....the anti-freeze that won't evaporate!



AFRAID

"Is my car safe — OR HAS MY ANTI-FREEZE EVAPORATED?"

SAFE

"I always know I'm safe — BECAUSE GLYCERINE WON'T EVAPORATE."

1,600,000 *cars—permanently freeze-proof with one filling!*

WHAT is this *double* anti-freeze protection that glycerine gives? The 1,600,000 glycerine users of last year will tell you. It is protection against freeze-ups *plus* protection against worry.

Here's the way G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine saves your time and temper. Glycerine won't evaporate. You don't have to be constantly testing it, running for more, and worrying about its boiling off. The same solution that you put in your car today will be protecting it next April. You always know you're safe because you always know it's there.

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine protects you against other worries, too. You can spill it on the car finish without damage. It is safe for the cooling system. And it won't worry you with annoying fumes.

These things will all mean a lot to your comfort and happiness this winter. Make sure the cooling system of your car is tight, put in one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine, then enjoy your winter driving without further anti-freeze worry or expense.

GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, 45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

G
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THE SAFE ANTI-FR

G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine is the only permanent anti-freeze officially approved by the Glycerine Producers' Association, representing the country's leading glycerine manufacturers.

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TESTED AND APPROVED
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RADIATOR Glycerine
CONTEST BOARD
AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION
19 30

(*Continued from page 34*)

down his load we remarked on his shiftless attitude.

I looked up a moment later and was surprized to note that he had picked up one of the rifles and started off with it. I commented on this to the Colonel, who suggested that Lyra had probably seen monkeys or game of some sort, and had sent for the gun. A very few minutes later we heard a shot. The Colonel said, "I wonder what he has shot at?" and we all speculated as to the game he might have got that would add to our meager supplies. A few minutes later several of the *camarados* came running up, shouting, "Julio has killed Paishon!"

Colonel Roosevelt, altho a very sick man, sprang to his feet at once and seized one of the rifles. Turning to Kermit and me, he said, "I must go back and warn Lyra. You boys guard the canoes and the food supplies here."

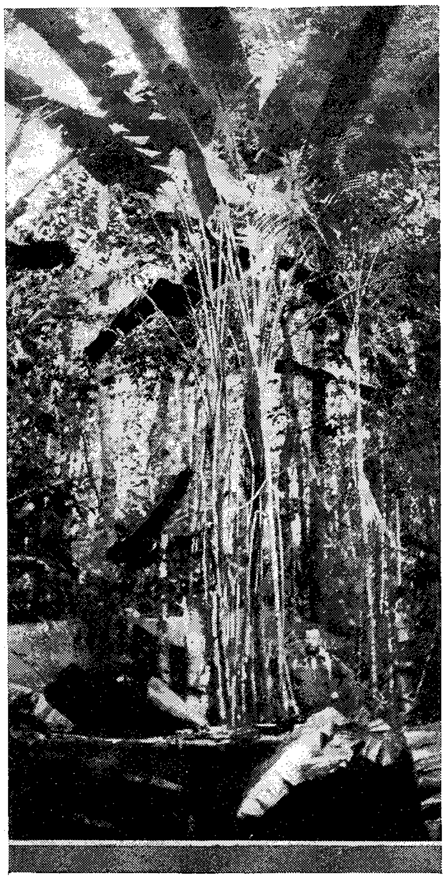
Before we could stop him he had started down the path where Julio had disappeared. Without hesitation he himself chose to go back over a trail on which the murderer might be concealed. However, he had barely disappeared from sight when Rondon and Lyra came up from the opposite direction.

We all felt that Julio had run amuck and had probably determined to kill as many of us as he could. Especially we feared for our canoe man, Pedrinho, who had caught Julio stealing food that morning, and had reported him to Paishon.

Leaving two of our men armed to guard the supplies, we started over the trail for the upper camp. We had not gone far when we came to the spot where Paishon's body lay just as he had fallen. Scanning the sides of the trail we saw the spot where Julio had fled into the forest after committing his cowardly deed. Antonio Correa, one of our best boatmen, started to follow his trail, but he had gone only a few yards when he gave an exclamation of surprize and held up Julio's gun. It had probably been torn from the murderer's hands by the tangle of vines as he fled.

Paishon had fallen forward and lay on his face, and as we stood by his side one of our boatmen, crossing himself, said, "He is now following Julio, who will never escape. When a man is killed and falls toward his murderer, it means that the ghost of the dead man pursues him as long as he lives."

The *camarados* with their axes and knives dug a shallow grave, scooping out the dirt with their hands, and there we laid the body of Paishon. A rude cross was placed at his head, and a volley was fired over the grave in honor of a faithful, loyal soldier of Brazil.



"Teddy" Beneath the Shelter of a Pacova Palm

Finding Julio's gun was a great relief to us, as up to that moment we had felt that he might be lurking in the thick forest and would kill again if the opportunity offered. Following his trail for some two or three hundred yards, we found that after his first headlong flight he had turned in his tracks, probably with the intention of recovering his gun; but had lost courage as he heard us approach.

No immediate organized effort was made to track down and bring to justice the murderer, continues the author, explaining:

We, as Americans in a foreign land, of course, had no legal right to put to death even so cold-blooded a criminal. As we were guests of the Brazilian Government, and accompanied by Colonel Rondon, a military officer, the duty and responsibility of action lay with him.

Our expedition was in peril. Our food supply was low. The probability was that weeks of grueling hardship were ahead of us.

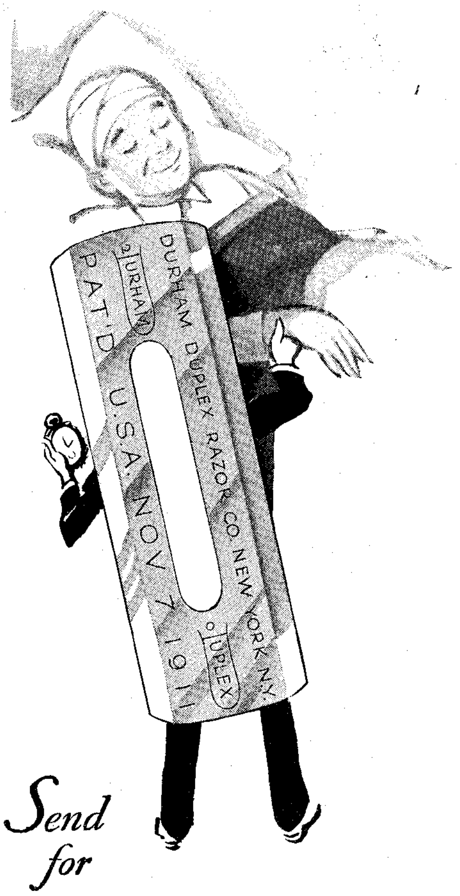
To capture and carry with us a man who had already stolen food from his hungry companions, and in cold blood murdered one of them, was to me an inconceivable folly. I felt our first duty was to our men, who had proved themselves honest and loyal.

There being no capital punishment in Brazil, the capture of Julio would have meant the carrying with us of a man whom it would have been necessary to have kept constantly under guard. But Rondon insisted on halting the expedition for a day while he sent two men back to seek for and bring in the murderer. But they did not find Julio.

A LATER entry in Cherrie's diary ran: "Colonel Roosevelt's condition is very serious, and Kermit has a temperature to-night of 104 degrees. I have felt pretty well to-day, but am very hungry." But a few days later began a series of happy surprizes—a big catch of edible fish, the discovery of a creeper that had been cut with a knife or ax, the finding of a signpost bearing the initials "J. A."—and the troubles of the explorers were soon over as they came in contact with adventurous rubber gatherers from the Amazon country.

The expedition with Roosevelt as leader and comrade marked a high spot in Cherrie's career, he tells the world, adding that of all the companions he has ever had, only one, Theodore Roosevelt, remains in his memory as the ideal camp-mate. And the warmth of the Colonel's regard for

SICK OF BLADE PROMISES?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DOC DURHAM

with his hollow ground Blade

GO AHEAD—if you must. Try every blessed razor and blade on the market. Then, when your head's in a whirl, let Durham-Duplex blades restore your faith in humanity and give you something to swear *by*, not at.

Durham-Duplex blades are better now than ever. The latest output are a revelation in long-lasting keenness. Their hollow-ground edges are the finest in over twenty years . . . and that's saying plenty!

Package of 5 Blades 50c or get a razor and one blade for a quarter at your dealers or DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, New Jersey. Canadian address 50 Pearl Street, Toronto.

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Present this coupon to your dealer or send to Durham-Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N.J. with 25c and get a genuine Durham-Duplex razor and blade.

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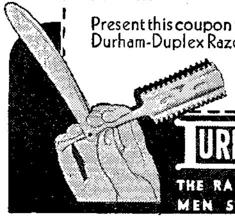
THE RAZOR WITH THE BLADES MEN SWEAR BY — NOT AT



Leave routine . . . for a 73 DAY PARADISE

● Slip away to new sights, new sounds . . . to Algiers' "Gate of Grief"... to gondoliers singing in the soft Venetian night. The Empress of France suggests a luxurious yacht . . . English-manor service . . . Paris-restaurant cuisine. Also, her cruise has a "5th Ace"... one management, ship and shore, by the world's greatest travel system, 8th season, from New York, Feb. 3. From $900. Booklets, ship plans, your own agent or any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and 31 other ● cities in the U. S. and Canada.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM
Canadian Pacific

Cherrie is testified on page after page of "Through the Brazilian Wilderness."

"Like most of the field naturalists I have met," T. R. wrote in one place, "he was an unusually efficient and fearless man; and willy-nilly he had been forced at times to vary his career by taking part in insurrections. In one South American State he had, as an interlude to his ornithological pursuits, followed the career of a gun-runner. The particular revolutionary chief whose fortunes he was following finally came into power, and Cherrie immortalized his name by naming a new species of ant thrush after him—a delightful touch in its practical combination of those not normally kindred pursuits, ornithology and gun-running."

Deadly Izaak Waltons of the Swordfish Fleet

A LIGHTNING-QUICK lunge of the strong, barbed spear—a writhing, swirling flash of lustrous blue just beneath the darker blue surface of the ocean—a lusty shout of 'Got him!'—a square, sure hit—and for the rugged striker's prize, a giant swordfish, nine feet from sharp point of sword to tip of quivering tail-fin!

Such is the thrill of the pursuit of the succulent swordfish off Block Island, as described in the Hartford *Courant*. A reporter went sailing with Capt. Jack Millikin and Wilfred Pollard, the striker, on the sturdy *Helene M.* He listened to their tales and watched them playing with and hauling in the catch.

With a harpoon deeply embedded in his flesh, we read, "the stricken monster darts away, finning with racing-car swiftness." Thereafter:

> Swimming, twisting, thrashing madly, he strives frantically to tear himself free of the biting iron spear point. He cuts along the surface of the waves; he dives for the bottom of the sea; but the harpoon and the harpoon rope hold tightly and the bulky keg, floating at the other end of 300 feet of hemp, hampers and exhausts him.
>
> "The fishermen watch him go. Not a move to stop him. They know he hasn't one chance in a hundred of living more than an hour longer. Give him his last desperate frolic with the waves—when he has spent his last strength in vicious, vain surges, he will be hauled aboard with less danger to man and vessel from tossing bulk and three-foot rapier."

MOST of the day, however, the thrill-hunting reporter had to forego such exciting scenes, and take his adventure at second hand, in the form of stirring tales of swordfish catches of the past. It was a day when the fish were keeping themselves out of sight, as, indeed, they have been doing to a decided extent this season. But, suddenly, at about two o'clock in the afternoon something happened, of which we read:

> On deck, no one knows just what is going on; all that is evident is that the schooner's course has been changed, the engine slowed, and that all three of the lookout men are peering to port. No commotion, no shout of "look, over there." But Ernest Pollard has spotted a fish, finning leisurely and aimlessly, 300 yards away.
>
> The next move—strongly indicative of approaching excitement—Wilfred does a "wire act," with an agility worthy of a big-top acrobat. In a twinkling he slides down the wire from the masthead to its end half-way out on the pulpit plank.
>
> A step and he is on the platform, the harpoon unbound and poised, the thrower leaning over the iron railing, awaiting the exact instant for the $50 thrust!

Colonel Rondon, of Brazil, and T. R., of the U. S. A.

> Tense and ready he stands. The bow slowly swings around. Now, for just a fraction of a second, the pulpit, bobbing twelve feet above the water, is exactly over the great fish.
>
> The thrust—a short, powerful stroke, straight downward, shoving the dart sharply through the scales and into the flesh of the fish, swimming three feet below the surface!
>
> Frantic, desperate—the great fish, luminous blue in a frame of white as he churns the water, twists and whirls and darts off.
>
> "Got him!" the shout goes up with enthusiasm.
>
> "He was on the move, so I couldn't hit him quite square, but I guess it'll stay in," from Wilfred, relaxing after the tense moment. All in the day's work for him, but exciting, and hard on the nerve and muscle, all the same.
>
> "What a swell shot—that was just great," acclaimed the thrilled city boys.

THE fish is out of sight, "perhaps on his way to the bottom of the ocean, but the harpoon rope is strongly tied to the dart, and the clumsy keg restricts the swordfish's death dashes. The keg bobs around on the sea, and we know that the fish is down there, somewhere, but aside from

(*Continued on page 40*)

PRECISION IS THE BASIS OF

DODGE DEPENDABILITY

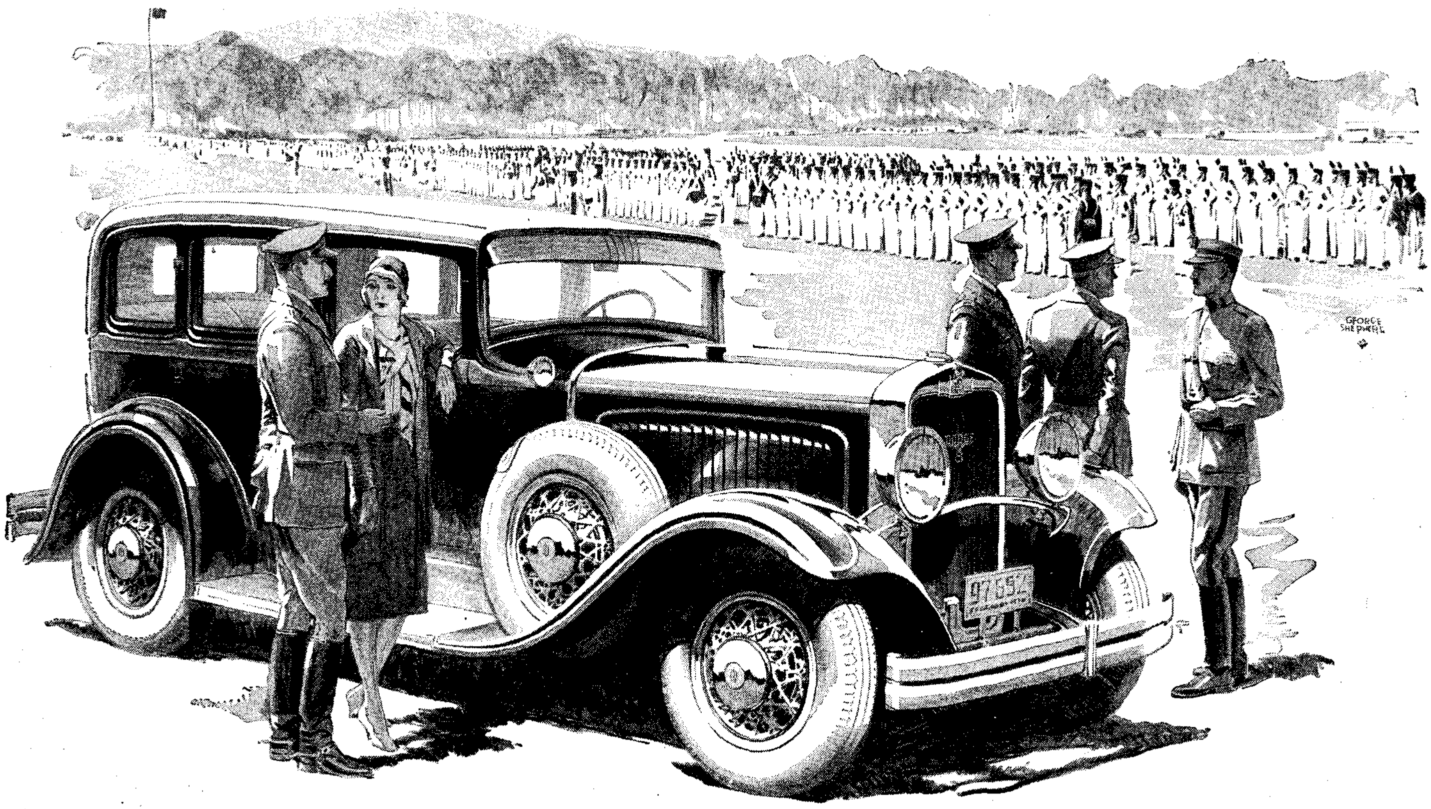
Precision-built, as always, the present Dodge Eight and Six are more than that . . . they are precision-engineered in the highest sense of the word. » » Far in advance of conventional construction, the safe, silent Mono-Piece Steel Bodies are jointless, squeakless structures of welded steel, secured to the chassis without body sills. » » The center of gravity is greatly lowered. Curves present no terrors. The car seems to cling to the road. » » Further great engineering achievements are apparent in the self-equalizing internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes—the freedom from vibration at every speed . . . the exceptionally easy steering. » » The moment you drive a Dodge Six or Eight, you are conscious of remarkable poise and stability . . . a feeling that here is a motor car to be depended upon in any emergency.

FOLLOW THE RECORD OF THE MILEAGE MARATHON

Dodge dependability is world-famous through the brilliant wartime record of Dodge cars and the proud enthusiasm of Dodge owners everywhere. To acquaint additional thousands with the rugged stamina of Dodge cars, the Dodge Marathon Eight is running continuously back and forth across the continent. Since July 1, it has covered a distance equal to one and one-half times around the world.

DODGE SIX, $835 TO $935—DODGE EIGHT, $1095 TO $1145, F.O.B. FACTORY

Dodge Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone—the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order. Ask for a demonstration.



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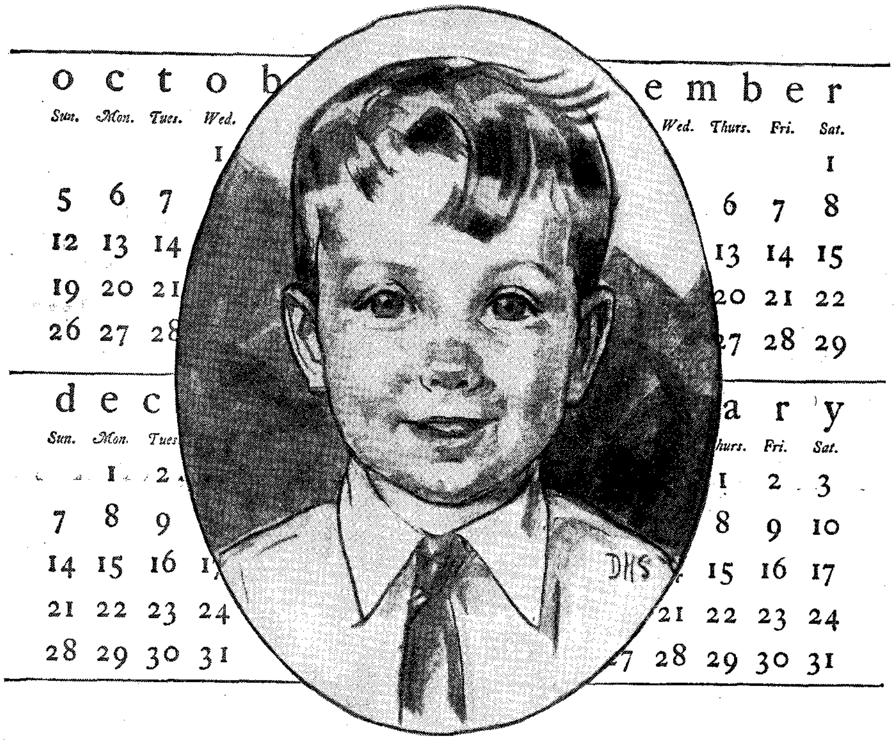

He can't fight winter *alone!*

Don't let him waste his precious strength fighting preventable winter ills when cod-liver oil, regularly taken, can do so much toward keeping up his resistance.

But there's a world of difference in cod-liver oils. How can you tell whether a certain cod-liver oil actually contains *enough* Vitamins A and D to help your child grow straight and strong?

Not by looking at it. Not by tasting it. No—not even by a chemical analysis of it! The only way you can be *sure* is to choose cod-liver oil that bears the label of a firm in whose scientific skill you have complete confidence.

Carefully-controlled tests in the Parke-Davis laboratories, which take 35 days to complete, are your assurance that each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil contains *definitely measured* amounts of both Vitamins A and D.

This pure, golden oil comes in 4-ounce and 16-ounce bottles, or in convenient, easy-to-take capsules. At drug stores everywhere.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.
The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products
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Each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil contains as much

VITAMIN "D" the rickets-preventing "sunshine" vitamin, as 2 lbs. of butter, or 7½ eggs,

and as much

VITAMIN "A" the disease-resisting vitamin, as 11 pints of milk, or 9 eggs, or 1 lb. of butter.

Parke-Davis
STANDARDIZED
Cod-liver Oil

(Parke, Davis & Company supply a number of other cod-liver oil products also, including Cod-liver Oil with Viosterol.)

(*Continued from page 38*)

that we forget him for the moment. Reading on:

The engine sounds again, the lookout posts are manned, and the *Helene M.* cruises for nearly half an hour. If there was one swordfish in the vicinity, why not another? But no more are seen, and the craft circles back to the keg.

There is elation aboard as the keg is picked up and as Wilfred begins to play the fish. He hauls in a dozen feet of line and then feels half of it slip back through his hands as the fish displays reluctance aplenty. Thus it goes for fifteen minutes, with the man gaining on the fish and the coiling twenty feet of rope for every ten that he yields.

Finally the sword breaks the surface. The captain sinks a boathook into the twisting body. With a butcher knife mounted at the end of an oar he slashes at a vital spot. A cloud of blood darkens a square of water; thus is fish vitality sapped and the task of cleaning made easier.

A fluke-rope is slipt around the body, the tail fins holding it in place. The hoist turns, the rope tightens and the fish rises, shimmering, twisting, splashing. Tail first and sword last, he leaves his blue ocean home forever, to flop ignominiously on deck.

It's all over, and time enough for a few appraising glances at the catch before returning to the hunt.

"A good fish," the captain observes, summing up a paragraph in three words. A fine fish in fact, three feet of sword and six feet of fish! And round and fat, round as a beer barrel and fat as a corn-fed pig! And weighing, as we guess it, close to four hundred pounds!

Curiosity Box.—"How many are there in your family, madam?"

"Just my husband and I."

"No children?"

"No."

"Any dogs or cats?"

"No."

"Do you have wireless?"

"No."

"Now have you any saxophones, pianolas, ukuleles, or other musical instruments?"

"Indeed not. And why all these questions?"

"Madam, I'm just the man who intends to rent the house next door."—*London Opinion.*

Boy That Kissed the Blarney Stone.—LADY—"My husband was a tramp, too, but he suddenly decided to make a man of himself."

MENDICANT—"No wonder, lady, with a beautiful woman to inspire him—"

LADY—"Well, come in and I'll see about some sandwiches."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Kind to the Under Dog.—They were eating at the cafeteria, and she noticed that he took a quarter out of one pocket and put it in the other.

"What's the idea?" she asked curiously.

"I'm tipping the waiter."—*Portland Evening Express.*

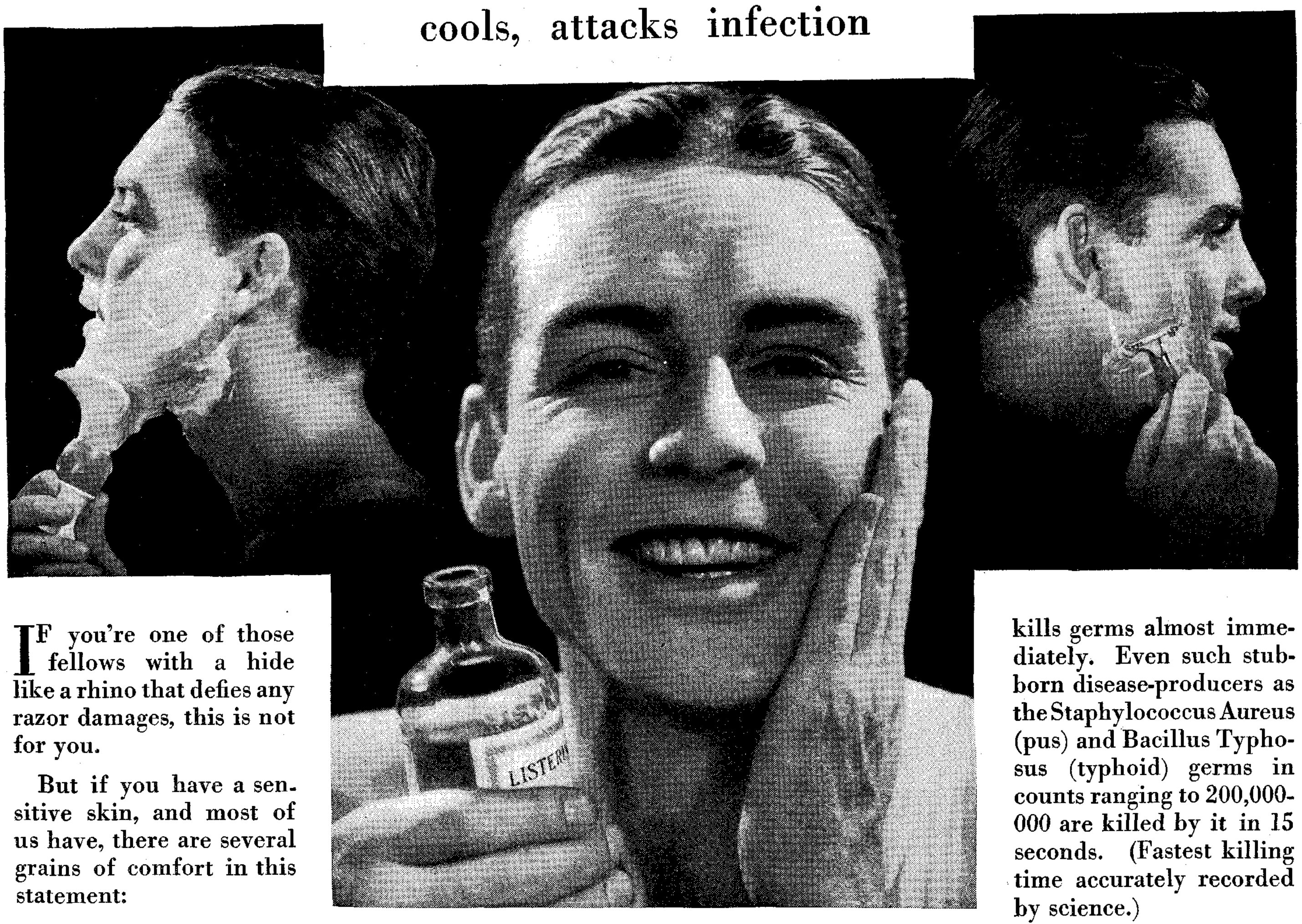
Getting Under Her Skin.—"My wife is prolonging her holiday. I need her at home, but it seems useless to write suggesting that she return."

"Get one of the neighbors to suggest it, my boy."—*Pathfinder.*

A man's best friend AFTER SHAVING

LISTERINE

ends rawness, soothes and cools, attacks infection



IF you're one of those fellows with a hide like a rhino that defies any razor damages, this is not for you.

But if you have a sensitive skin, and most of us have, there are several grains of comfort in this statement:

Listerine is great after shaving—your best friend in fact.

Here are a few of the reasons why it is welcomed by literally tens of thousands of men for whom it has made shaving pleasant:

1. *Listerine is a natural healing agent.* Physicians know it, and hospital records prove it. Applied full strength, it readily heals and soothes tissue inflamed by lather or razor, or both. Almost instantly Listerine gets rid of that unpleasant burning sensation, that irritating rawness, which so often follows a shave.

2. *Listerine is cooling.* The skin feels wonderfully cool and relaxed after you apply Listerine. This remarkable cooling sensation is due to certain essential oils contained in this safe antiseptic.

3. *Listerine protects.* When you douse on Listerine full strength, you know that you are aiding nature and combating infection. Applied to an open cut, wound, or abrasion, Listerine kills germs almost immediately. Even such stubborn disease-producers as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed by it in 15 seconds. (Fastest killing time accurately recorded by science.)

It perks you up!

So welcome and so noticeable is the invigorating and cooling effect of Listerine on the face, that many men employ it as a facial pick-me-up. Immediately before a business or social engagement, it gives you the appearance of being alert, fresh and keen.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Look what's happened here!

50¢ quality

Listerine Shaving Cream

now **25¢**

Kills 200,000,000 Germs in 15 Seconds

And Now Bobby Plans to Golf for Pleasure

"IF I WANT TO TAKE ELEVEN ON A HOLE, I can now."

And with that, "the apple-cheeked little man from Atlanta," as Dick Williams calls him in the New York *World*, must surely have sighed with relief, before he continued the remarks attributed to him by the United Press.

International Newsreel photograph

Bobby's Fourth Major Mug

"I may play in all major championships next year," he said, "and I may not play in any. I felt I had something to accomplish, and I did it. Now I'm going to enjoy golf."

In short, the great Bobby Jones has made another one for the book. He has established a record, which, the New York *Times* solemnly assures us, "is not likely ever to be equaled."

Bobby, in a word, is the first man to win all four of the world's major golf titles—the American and British amateurs and opens. And what makes it even more impressive is the fact that he has done it all in a single year. And now he feels, quite justly, that a rest is due him, if he wants it.

FOLLOWING his fourth big victory of 1930—in the national amateur at the Merion Cricket club, Ardmore, Pennsylvania—*The Times* assembles in tabulated form the highlights of his career as a golfer. He began in 1911, at the age of nine, when he won the junior championship of the Atlanta Athletic Club. And now, at the age of twenty-eight, he has within a few months triumphed in the British Open at Hoylake, the British Amateur at St. Andrews, the American Open at Interlachen, and the American Amateur at Merion.

The Merion crowd was solidly with Bobby, of course. Had Homans won in the finals, it would have meant no popularity for him, according to W. O. McGeehan who, in the New York *Herald Tribune* offers us this dissertation on sports-mob psychology:

> When Mr. Robert Tyre Jones and young Mr. Eugene Homans were on one of the greens during the national amateur at the Merion Cricket Club, an airplane was passing a thousand feet up. Evidently the aviator was having engine trouble of a more or less serious nature, for the motor was spluttering audibly, and at a more or less crucial stage in the golf tournament.
>
> Said one of the so-called gentler sex who was tramping the course with the rest of the gallery, "I think that a thing like this is shameful. Something ought to be done about it." She looked up at the offending plane with a baleful glare that would have sent it into a nose-dive or tailspin, if looks could kill.
>
> Young Mr. Homans was about to address the ball, in the act of preparing to putt. "It might annoy Homans, at that," agreed the escort. "Homans!" said the irate lady. "I was thinking of Bobby Jones. They should keep the airplanes out of the sky when he is on the greens."
>
> And that was the spirit of the gallery at that final match. Nobody thought of the doomed young Mr. Homans, who was being tortured to make the great American golf holiday. I doubt that young Mr. Homans had any sympathizers at all in that gallery, unless it happened that there were a few very near relatives present. He had the same chance as a young man strapped into the electric chair. If it had been possible for him to have mustered some supergolf, and enough of it to block Mr. Robert Tyre Jones from winning the fourth crown of the year, he would have been the villain of the piece. Of course, golf galleries do not as yet hurl pop-bottles, but if Homans had thwarted Jones at this part, nearly every hand in that gallery would have clutched at an invisible pop-bottle, and those waving them most menacingly would be hands belonging to members of the so-called gentler sex.
>
> Last year Mr. Robert Tyre Jones was put out of the amateur in an early round by a comparative unknown. He is not exactly an unknown now, but he is not regarded as a hero. He is known only as the young man who put out Robert Tyre Jones and practically ruined the game of glorified marbles for that year.
>
> Suppose that Homans in the final at Ardmore had blocked Jones in his try for the fourth major championship that would establish for him a mark never attained before in golf, and one which probably never would be equaled. Some of my colleagues who are not overenthusiastic about the game of golf said that the gallery probably would have torn him to pieces. Hardly that, but he would have been subjected to the most chilling and murderous silence that ever fell over a sports crowd.

THERE were approximately 18,000 persons "billowing over the undulating fairways and the ragged rough throughout the afternoon, and they were there, all of them, at the kill," Mr. Williams tells us in *The World*, describing the antics of the gallery during the final match:

> Being there, they felt called upon to touch the garments or press the tired flesh of the apple-cheeked little man and they

(*Continued on page 44*)

International Newsreel photograph

Almost a Worm's-Eye View of Jones and Sweetser

NASH

ANNOUNCES

Three New Eights
and a
Low Priced Six

Never was such motor car quality offered at prices so sensationally low. The literally startling difference becomes at once apparent when you contrast the prices of the new and finer Nash series, with prices of corresponding models a year ago.

This unique example in value-giving thus provided the industry was planned last November. At that time, C. W. Nash and the strong group of executives surrounding him clearly foresaw present conditions. They at once began to design cars affording value so great, so unmistakable, as to overcome all buying reluctance.

The result is instantly apparent. Even casual inspection of the four new Nash cars establishes the fact *that nothing even remotely approaching them in downright dollar value has ever been available in their respective price fields.*

A NEW DEAL FOR TODAY'S DOLLAR

SENSATIONAL PRICES!

Compare what is probably the most remarkable achievement of Nash in greater value-giving—the New Six—with the Single Six it succeeds. The New Six offers a multitude of superiorities—at prices which range from $160 to $140 below the prices of the Single Six.

Body Style	The New Six W. B. 114¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$845	~~$1005~~	—$160
Coupe	$795	~~$940~~	—$145
Coupe (rumble seat)	$825	~~$980~~	—$155
Sedan (2-door)	$795	~~$935~~	—$140

Compare the New Eight-70 with its two additional cylinders, its longer wheelbase, its larger, more luxurious body, with the six-cylinder car it replaces. Then consider the remarkable fact that there is actually a basic price differential in favor of the new Eight!

Body Style	The New Eight-70 W. B. 116¼"	Last Year's Six W. B. 114¼"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$995	~~$1005~~	—$10
Coupe	$945	~~$940~~	+$5
Coupe (rumble seat)	$975	~~$980~~	—$5
Special Sedan (4-door)	$955		

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 Series with the 6-cylinder car it replaces. The Eight-80 is larger, longer. Design, appointments, upholstery are finer—prices are radically lower.

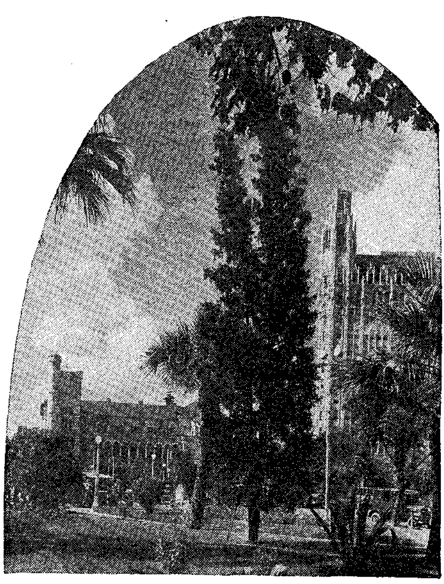
Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-80 W. B. 121"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Six W. B. 118"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1295	~~$1415~~	—$120
Coupe	$1245	~~$1345~~	—$100
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1285	~~$1395~~	—$110
Town Sedan (4-door)	$1375		

Compare the New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 Series, now with a 115 H. P. Engine, with the last year's 100 H. P. Eight. Body appointments are finer, upholstery more luxurious, and prices are far lower!

Body Style	The New Twin-Ignition Eight-90 W.B. 124"-133"	Last Year's Twin-Ignition Eight W.B. 124"-133"	Price Difference
Sedan (4-door)	$1565	~~$1795~~	—$230
Cabriolet	$1695	~~$1875~~	—$180
Coupe	$1695	~~$1915~~	—$220
Coupe (rumble seat)	$1745	~~$1975~~	—$230
Sedan (7-pass.)	$1925	~~$2195~~	—$270
Limousine (7-pass.)	$2025	~~$2385~~	—$360
Ambassador	$1825	~~$2095~~	—$270
Victoria	$1765	~~$2045~~	—$280

(All prices f. o. b. factories)

2311



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Please send me the free "Sunshine Booklet"
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(*Continued from page 42*)

did not mind how much havoc they wrought in doing so.

This being the condition, it seemed that at least half of the 18,000 must either have pushed some one else into the creek that slits the throat of that eleventh link of the Merion chain, or been pushed in themselves.

Scores of women were hurled down the muddy embankment as this great horde of civilized humanity clawed and fought with each other.

That eleventh hole, where Mr. Homans succumbed, and ran across the green to shake Mr. Jones's hand, is deep down in a wood-embroidered patch of land.

AND when Mr. Homans succumbed, Mr. Williams continues:

> The rioting began and America's sporting public added another gallant chapter to its gaudy history. The crowd ran down marshals and private citizens alike.
>
> They herded across the green bellowing and shrieking, and they took the cordon of marines and marshals that had surrounded Mr. Jones entirely apart, and handed the pieces around for inspection. They began whacking at Mr. Jones's shoulders, but the cordon was back around him again now, and bearing him off.
>
> They had whisked him over through the woods and to the narrow bridge that spans the brook where it gashes that twelfth fairway, when reenforcements in the form of customers who had halted on the brow of the hill where the ground falls away into the valley, arrived and decided to do a little back-slapping and looking themselves.
>
> Then the guard swept in upon them, and there was a pretty howdy-do, indeed. Women had crowded onto the narrow bridge, some of them making for Jones to get a close look at him, and some in a genuine effort to escape the brawling. Off they went into mud and water, and in due time three or four officials, their red arm-bands and berets making a comet's tail as they descended, were toppled from the plankway.
>
> Jones came along after the excitement had subdued a bit, and succeeded in getting across the causeway without being spilled. Having accomplished this precarious undertaking, he broke into a dog-trot, his guards trotting in various grotesque paces beside, behind, and before him, but the mobs ahead soon stopt this, and turned the party back into the vortex again.
>
> The rioting ended only when Jones had been spirited into the clubhouse for a brief breather before he came out to receive the gewgaw known as the Havemeyer Cup. The excitement had died down somewhat before he reappeared, and many thousands had gone away, forlorn and chagrined.

JONES, at the age of twenty-eight, now stands above all former golf giants, and those of the future can only equal, but not surpass, his mark, says the New York *Times*, continuing:

> In addition to this, he now becomes the first man to win the United States amateur championship five times, having triumphed in five of the last seven championships. Jerome Dunstan Travers won the same title four times. Jones also increased his list of national championships to thirteen, another achievement unequaled in golf, and he has done all this in the last eight years.
>
> When Jones left for Great Britain this spring with the hope of returning with the British amateur trophy, a prize that had previously eluded him, the interest of the golfing world followed him.
>
> Friends backed their beliefs by saying he would not only win the British amateur, but the British open, and the two United States championships as well, and accepted wagers of fifty to one that were offered against Jones.

International Newsreel photograph

A Periscope for a Lady: Mrs. Jess Sweetser Outwits the Gallery

> Some of those in the gallery of 18,000 that clustered about the twenty-ninth green, where the match ended, at Merion, were those who had followed Jones from victory to victory in this and other years.
>
> Once Jones had grasped the hand of Homans in admiration of the latter's plucky battle, these friends and admirers swept down on him, and only his body-guard of United States marines saved him from being injured in the crush.

AND here, to give statistics their due, is Bobby's unparalleled record of thirteen championships since 1923, as compiled by the Associated Press:

> American Open—1923, 1926, 1929, 1930.
> American Amateur—1924, 1925, 1927, 1928, 1930.
> British Open—1926, 1927, 1930.
> British Amateur—1930.

His record for the tournament that capped the climax is given likewise by the same news service:

> Won medal with 69—73—142, tying record.
> First round—Beat Ross Somerville, Canada, 5 and 4.
> Second round—Beat Fred G. Hoblitzell, 5 and 4.
> Third round—Beat Fay Coleman, Culver City, California, 6 and 5.
> Semifinal—Beat Jess W. Sweetser, New York, 9 and 8.
> Final round—Beat Eugene V. Homans, Englewood, New Jersey, 8 and 7.

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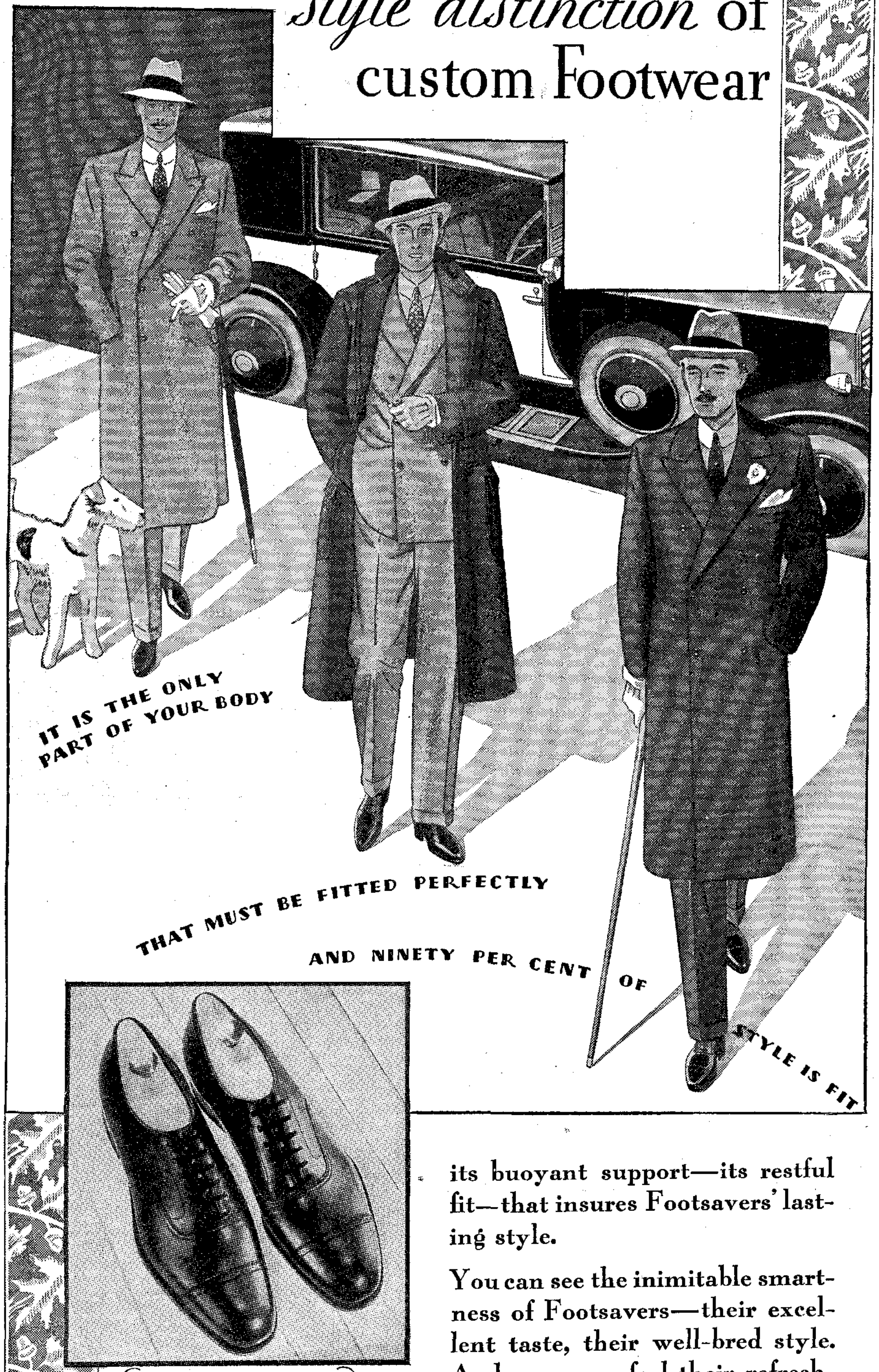
IT IS THE ONLY PART OF YOUR BODY THAT MUST BE FITTED PERFECTLY AND NINETY PER CENT OF STYLE IS FIT

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YOU would never guess that beneath Footsavers' distinguished style lies such comfort — the added comfort of "The Saving V". From your first step you will welcome its buoyant support—its restful fit—that insures Footsavers' lasting style.

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THE ONLY SHOE WITH THE SAVING V

Circus Thrills With Flying Outboards

HOW'D you like to drive a speedy outboard motor-boat right up out of the water onto an inclined platform, crash through a wall of paper, and then plunge down to the water again?

Or how'd you like to hitch a winged aquaplane, with a long rope, behind a swift speedboat, balance this sort of glider on the surface of the water as you move along at forty-five miles an hour, and then rise with it six or eight feet in the air?

Rhys G. Thackwell asks these questions in a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, in the course of which he describes the thrilling and spectacular sports that have been devised with the popular outboard as the indispensable element.

Or perhaps, the writer suggests further, you'd enjoy getting into a small boat, touching off some small rockets at the stern, and then plunging ahead at a speed anywhere from fifty to 100 miles an hour, leaving a trail of smoke and making a noise like "a million hungry cats with snowshoes on suddenly landing in a lake of rich cream." That, we are told, is what Doc Schnurmacher, speedboat and outboard notable, said when he heard his first rocket-boat.

These, among other novelties, have been introduced into American water sports during the past summer; and at Southern resorts this winter, it seems certain, they will continue to be popular. Many, we read, "are the results of recent improvements, and consequent increased popularity of the outboard motor for small boats. Some are a spectacular combination of flying, horse-racing and jumping. Some are games in which only a few may participate, but all are thrilling to players and to spectators alike. Many of these new sports have been invented and nationally introduced by Dick Pope and his brother, Malcolm, both of Winter Haven, Florida, and of New York City. These amphibian persons are widely known as kings of water sports. For example, here is an aquatic steeplechase of their devising:

As a circus stunt in connection with water carnivals, drivers of outboard motor-boats dress like cowboys and then compete in "steeplechases" by speeding in their tiny craft, and then plunging through paper hoops that have been mounted atop inclined platforms over which the cowboy-sailors ride.

Dick Pope prepared a top having only twenty-four feet of wing surface for an ordinary aquaplane, and he rode this new glider at forty-five miles per hour, towed behind an outboard boat, before the aquaplane lifted its rider eight feet into the air.

He talked with folks who plan to shoot rockets to the moon. He talked with engineers who are experts on rockets for propulsion. He studied German attempts to build a successful automobile that is powered by rockets. And then he designed and built some rocket-boats which he and his brother and others drive.

(Continued on page 48)

Imitations never quite succeed in being WOOD . . .

THE BEAUTY of well-finished wood cannot be imitated. Curves, swirls, and patterns artificially imposed on alien surfaces are cold, mechanical . . . lack the "natural" charm of wood.

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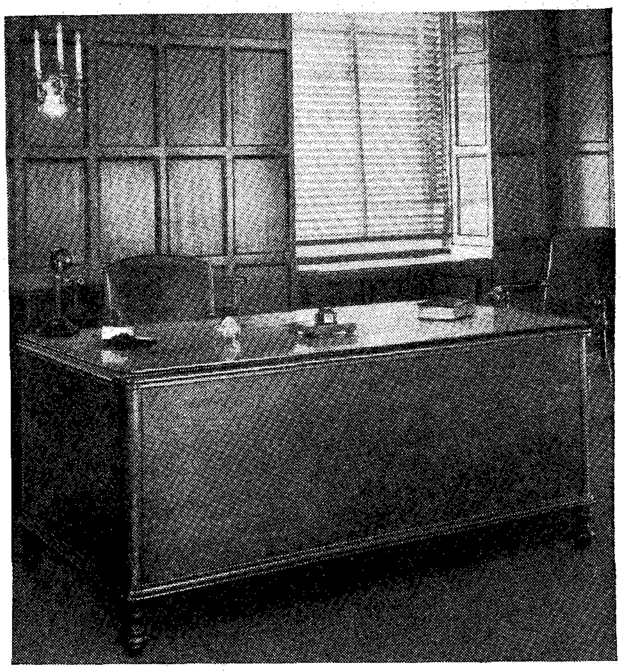

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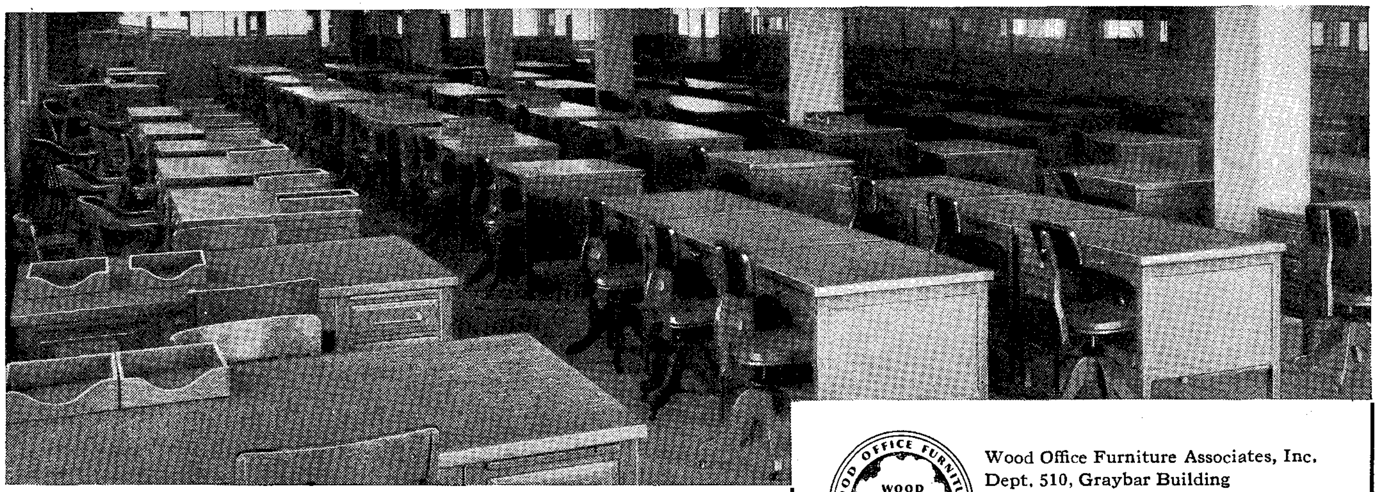

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Here's a thoroughbred shoe for day wear. Note the smart perforations; the swagger lines due to the wing tip in this Highland Oxford of Scotch grain, brown (316) or black (416). It is true economy to wear a shoe so amazingly durable. Sold by a leading dealer near you. Ask for J & M Style Booklet.

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Published September 6, 1930

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By Luella E. Axtell, M. D.

Now—a delightful and remarkably effective plan of reducing. The ever-present problem of how to eat delicious foods and yet keep from putting on too much weight, is solved by a physician who has made some valuable discoveries about diet, has proved their value and knows how to impart them in practical and readable form.

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Over a period of eighteen years, in her private practise, Dr. Axtell has proved conclusively that the plan outlined in this volume will reduce the over-weight person pleasantly and healthfully and without resort to weakening or starvation diets. While following it one is so well fed as to reduce without realizing it. The foods suggested are so varied and the portions so generous that when the weighing-in time comes one will step on the scales with some misgivings, but will inevitably find that weight is on the downward trend.

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES, OR

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

(*Continued from page 46*)

It was not possible to play games with heavy boats, but the increasing popularity of the light outboards has stimulated the introduction of many novelty water sports this summer.

There is a lot of fun in aquatilting, as they do in canoes, and the action is ten times as rapid as required in canoes. The players get into small boats, start the outboard motors and then tilt at each other across the water as they speed about, using eight-foot bamboo fishing poles that have a wad of padding at the end.

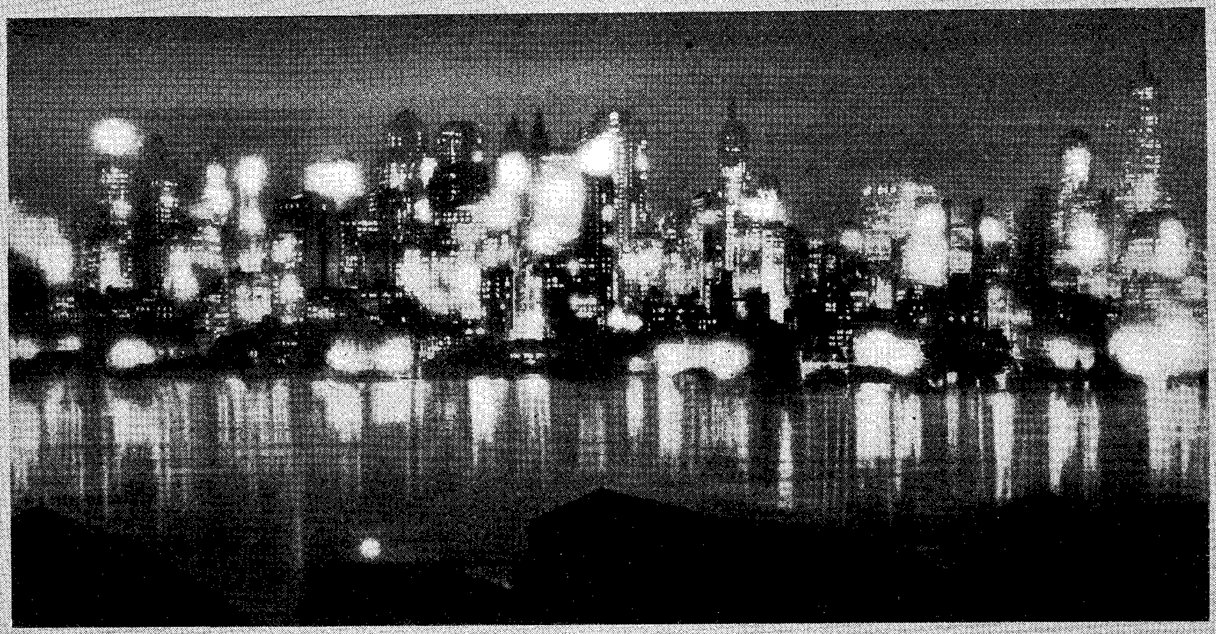
These tips are covered with a rubberized fabric so that the pads can not become soggy.

THRILLS have been added to the spectacular sport of aquaplane riding, the writer continues. These planes "are smooth boards about four feet in width and six feet in length. They are towed by outboard or other swift boats." Reading on:

> The rider, attired in swimming suit, keeps his balance and the balance of the aquaplane by movement of two ropes tied to the front of the aquaplane. Now they run these up over a wooden incline in the water, which causes the aquaplane and rider to fly into the air. They put rubber horses on these, too, and do fancy steeplechases with them. To do the jumps they weight the back end of a plane.
>
> Archery from a speedboat is another new water sport that is becoming increasingly popular. This calls for all of the skill of the landsman archer and the dexterity of an expert boatman. Targets are placed on a dock or perhaps on a floating buoy.
>
> The archers ride past in swift little boats, standing up and shooting with bow and arrow as they approach the targets. When the goal is afloat, players are required to retrieve arrows that fall into the water by swooping down on them and picking them up as they dart past in a speedboat.

AQUASKIING is said "to demand more skill than aquaplaning and is more thrilling," a statement we can easily believe as we peruse this passage:

> It is played with specially made skis that resemble those that are used by winter sportsmen. Many games have been introduced this summer for those who walk on water with skis.
>
> At some beaches the girls ride in small boats, tossing hoops out on the water. These float upright because they are weighted in one part. The boys, riding on skis behind swift boats, spear these hoops, using long wooden lances.
>
> Each player has a quota of six, but the one who spears the most hoops wins the tournament.
>
> Some of the more courageous of the players of these novelty water sports now ride aquaplanes behind seaplanes going fifty miles per hour.
>
> At times, when the gust of the propeller is very powerful, the aquaplanes take off and go three or four feet into the air.
>
> One of the first games to be developed in this new type of sport was balloon-busting. Girls toss tiny toy balloons high into the air as they ride in motor-boats.
>
> The aquaplane riders, bearing lances, dash by in their speedy boats and seek to spear and thus puncture the balloons before they float away. With a brisk wind blowing, it is quite a trick to make these toy balloons pop.



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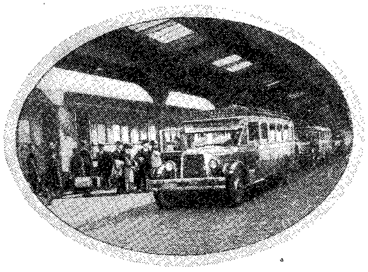

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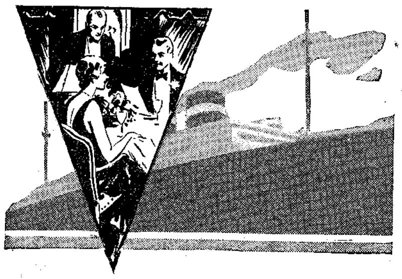

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**Quoted from a passenger's letter to us*

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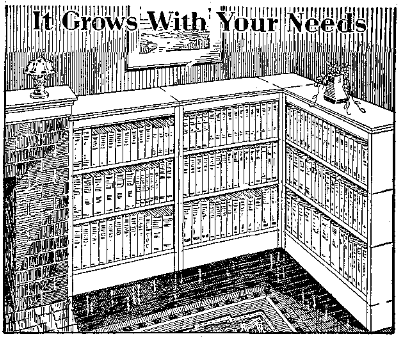
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Babe Pitches His Way to New Glory

If the home-run business ever fails, Babe Ruth, it now seems, will have no cause for worry.

For the Babe has not forgotten how to pitch in a manner highly confusing to the opposition, but, by the same token, highly satisfactory to his public.

Consider his recent feat in Boston, at the last game of the season between the Red Sox and the Yankees. Save for a few innings in exhibition games, he had done little or no pitching since 1920, when he joined the Yanks, the New York *World* tells us. But he hurled his team to a 9 to 3 victory; and in so doing, in *The World's* opinion, he secured an even firmer grip on the distinction of being the greatest all-time player of the game.

Ruth, we must remember, used to be a Red Sox player himself, and he had done practically no pitching since he left the Boston nine, about a decade ago. Nevertheless, on this occasion, he was in as good form as he has ever enjoyed. It wasn't until "two men were out in the sixth inning that Boston was able to get a runner to second base," Tom McCabe tells us in the Boston *Herald*, continuing:

> Up to that time, Boston's heavy stickers had collected but two scratch hits, and while the total safe drives of the home team figure to eleven, six of these hits came in the eighth and ninth innings, when Babe was lobbing the ball across. He passed two men and struck out three. Afield, he was wonderful.
>
> The gathering, which really was a tribute to the big boy, for the announcement had gone out that he would pitch a few innings of the game, was on pins and needles, hoping that every ball hit in the game would go down to Babe.
>
> He started two double killings, and the speed with which he got the ball away made every one howl. In the second, with Rothrock on, Babe grabbed a shot from Reeves, and killed off Jack at second before the latter had moved ten yards from first.
>
> Again in the third, Babe did the same thing to Warstler. George gets credit for three assists, and each stamped him the ball-player he is.
>
> It was a surprize to the folks when Babe was announced as the starting pitcher. It was figured the old left field would look mighty nice to him before three innings had passed.
>
> As the game went on, however, the big boy grew better. Every time he came to bat he received a great reception. He did not get an extra base hit, but he drove in one run, scored another, and got two safe hits that were grass-burners.

With this amazing performance, exclaims the New York *World* in an editorial, "Ruth produces a vivid reminder of his versatility on the diamond, and once more forces himself on the attention of those who enjoy a fanning-bee on the subject: Who is the greatest ball-player of all time?" Reading on:

> He went into the pitcher's box, pitched a full nine innings, and won his game. For six innings not a man reached second

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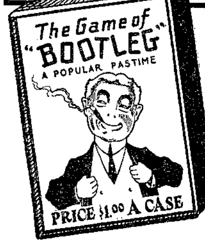

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base, and it was only when his arm began to tire that anybody scored; even then, only three runs were made against him.

And when you remember that he has not pitched since 1920, with the exception of a few innings during exhibition games, you get some idea of what this means, and you are certainly warranted in raising the question whether any other ball-player could have achieved a similar feat.

One is unable to think of any. Most of the great ball-players have been decidedly one-position men; Keeler in the outfield, and also Cobb; Wagner at shortstop, Lajoie at second base, Baker at third base, Mathewson, Waddell, Bender, Plank, McGinnity, and Brown in the pitcher's box.

But here is a man who can still pitch with the best of them, who can pick up the first-baseman's mitt any time he wants to, who can play the outfield, who can bat with the greatest who have ever stept to the plate, and who, in addition to that, is celebrated among baseball men as never making a play which is not the headiest play possible under the circumstances prevailing.

The only man who can really be compared with him is Cobb, and yet it is a question whether Cobb in his best days was the equal of this great machine. Taking one consideration with another, it is hard to see how Ruth can be kept out of the title.

Time for Squalls.—"You must give up staying out late at night," said the doctor.

"You think the night air is bad for me, doctor?"

"No," said the doctor, "it isn't that. It's the excitement after getting home that harms you."—*Washington News.*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "THE LITERARY DIGEST"

Published weekly at New York, N. Y.
For October 1, 1930

State of New York
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City
Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Managing Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Business Managers, The Board of Directors of Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

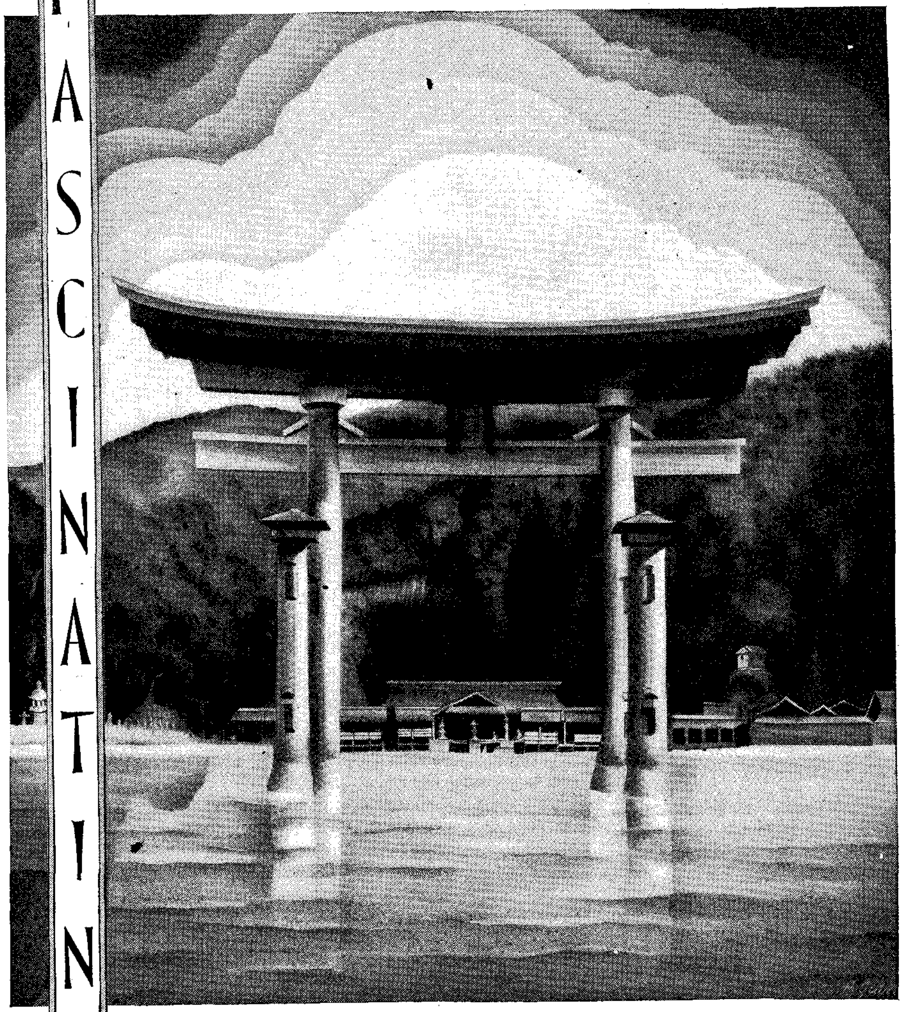
2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.
Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Cuddihy, Robert J., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Cuddihy, Emma F., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Funk, Eleanor M., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Funk, Wilfred J., 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Neisel, Clara L., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and, security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for which such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold the stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary of FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publisher and Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1930.
(Seal) ROLLO CAMPBELL,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1932.)



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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

THE quality is all her own. Perhaps no one more original is now writing for us than Elizabeth Coatsworth (Mrs. Henry Beston), of whom *Harper's* gives us this specimen:

THE BLESSING OF THE BEDS

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

Make the bed,
And make the bed,
The sheets are smooth
And the blankets spread.

Back and forth
Round the bed we go,
I and the child
I do not know.

If it should be
A son I bear,
May he be wise
And kind and fair.

Or if a girl-child
It should be,
May the blessings on
Her bed be three.

The first bed
Is the marriage-bed.
May Joy and Tenderness
Stand at its head.

And when in child-bed
She shall lie
May Victory
Herself draw nigh.

And when at last
Comes the third bed,
May Peace bend down
Above the dead.

Ah, Love! ennoble
With they breath
Bride-bed, birth-bed,
And bed of death!

Make the bed,
And make the bed,
The sheets are smooth
And the blankets spread.

HOW night and lantern light transform simple into portentous things, *The Yale Review* gives evidence:

GO TO THE BARN WITH A LANTERN

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

If you would learn to love the night,
Cross it by a lantern's light,
Go out to feed the living things
Man has taken beneath his wings.
The lantern turns you to a god,
And your shadow as you plod
Outreaches earth and disappears
Into the graveyard of the years,
Where the stars the brighter spread
For the shadow of your head;
Your legs are so gigantic grown
They cover all the earth alone,
And they move along so fast
You can feel your heart grow vast.
You reach the barn and find a place,
Another universe in space,
Where you can play the deity,
Pitch down June and sun and see
Beauty, standing on four feet
And wearing velvet, bow and eat.
These are not eyes that beam on you,
But piety and globes of dew,
Fealty, a holy fire,
Patient, primordial desire.
The breathings from these nostrils spread
Into haloes round your head.
Here in the light, without a mind,
The cows believe and find you kind,
Here in the light of a hand-made sun
Is worship to make a god of one.

WE read in various places of the ennui of Britain, but no one has given so bitter an account of it as one of her humorists now appearing in *The Nation and Athenæum* (London):

A MANDATE FOR BRITAIN?

BY MACFLECKNOE

Deafened and dazed by the clamour from party rostrums,
Bored and bewildered by choice between rival nostrums
(Tariffs, and doles, and import boards, and the rest of it);
Sick of the muddles made by our ruling factions,
Knowing there's no appeal from their wildest actions,
Surely, say I, mandated folk have the best of it.

Would that we too were ruled by administrations
Chosen and supervised by the League of Nations,
Pledged in honour to govern us well and wisely;
Kept in awe by an annual inquisition;
Bound, each year, to prove to the dread Commission
How they have kept to the Mandate's terms precisely!

Gladly I'd part with my "freedom" and "rights"—pursuing,
Free from all care, the things that are worth the doing
(Tramping the Weald and getting my verses written);
Gladly I'd leave the privilege and enjoyment
Of dealing with little matters like unemployment
To the noble Power that took a Mandate for Britain!

THE El Paso *Times* provides both the poem and its fitting introduction: "There must be compensation for the poet's soul, even in the languor of summer afternoons, when out of the heat of an August day, Marvin Luter Hill manages by some wizardry to weave sparkling lines like these":

OLIVE TREES

BY MARVIN LUTER HILL

To-day I think of olive trees: I see
Them standing on a twilight-shadowed hill,
All cool and dusky-green, and still . . . still . . .
And fragrance from their boughs blows over me,
Frost-tanged and crisp, and cool and freshly clean,
The fruit is iced wine within my blood—
Chilling its throbbing, anguish-aching mood
Into a pulsing argent and serene.

The heat waves fade; I walk in dusky light
Under the branches, where there is no sound
Of footfalls on the mossed, dew-musky ground.
But silver-shaded color—like a pool
With shimmering surface, and a beautiful
Glimmer of green in depths as cool as night.

THE pathos of youth grown up is shown us by the one who suffers most from it. From the Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune:*

SOMETIMES I WISH

BY JEAN STEELE MARLATT

I am oppressed with this great sense of loving
My tall, straight, rather distant young son;
It's like incense, a subtle and unfailing
Reminder of the glorious thing I have done.

The perfect knowledge that he is mine
Is like a song on the strings of my heart;
But though he's my son, to continue my line,
I stand in awe! We are whole worlds apart!

When he stoops to allow me to kiss him,
Smilingly intent on his busy day's plan,
He does not see that my eyes grow dim—
How I wish, sometimes, he were less of a man!

IT is doubtful if any aristocratic cat, perhaps a Persian, would give rise to a little drama equal to this from *The Oregon Daily Journal* (Portland):

STRAY CAT

BY ROWENA ARTHUR MILLS

(Mee—ow! Mee—ow!)
What's that?
Oh! another
Stray cat!
You look at me with green, imploring eyes,
You edge doorwards, and calmly size
Me up, then try my sympathy to win!
But no! I will not let you in!
So that's that,
Stray cat!

(Mee—ow! Mee—ow!)
Thunderation!
I want to read!
Botheration!
(It was a kind of pretty little thing,
A ball of gray, with ring on ring
Of darker hue like gypsy bracelets hung,
And flecked with snow, so lightly strung
On its fur.
Purr! Purr!)

It cavorts
And caracoles,
Around my feet
It reels and rolls!
It laps its milk, and purrs its thankfulness
Some more. Well, cat, I must confess
I've done much more for folks, who didn't show
One half the gratitude you seem to know!
Hang up your hat!
You may stay!
So that's that,
Stray cat!

PERHAPS the confessor here, in the New York *Sun*, deceives himself:

TO A YOUNG GIRL IN A BOOK STORE

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

No doubt you think me bibliophile or worse
Because I linger nearly every day
Over a novel or a book of verse,
And never seem to care how long I stay.
You'd never think the interest I show
Is but a subtle pretense well enacted,
That I am bored with novels row on row,
And modern verses drive me quite distracted.

You who are young and guileless cannot guess
That all the wisdom that I hope to find
Lies snared within your fragile loveliness.
Let others seek the cold, pedantic mind
That hacks out bloodless volumes for a shelf—
No book was ever written like yourself.

CHECK the impulse to tear up the wild flowers, and so denude the countryside, the New York *Times* advises:

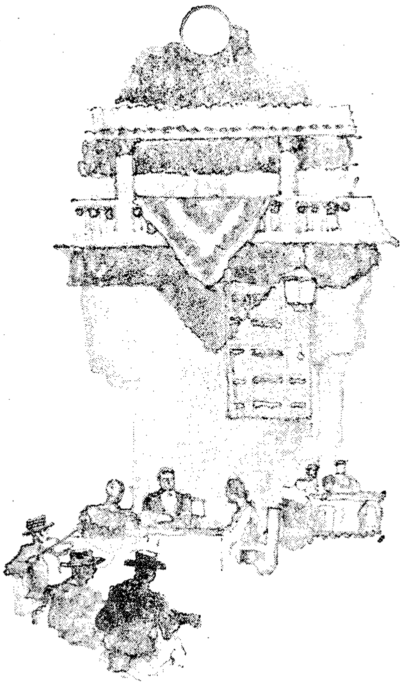
FROM THE LAUREL

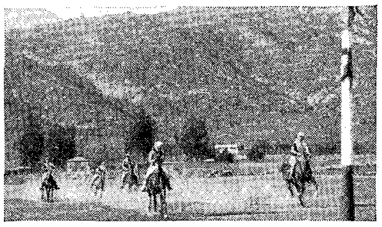
BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

"Gaze on it, god, but let my beauty be!"
Thus pleaded Daphne, of all nymphs most fair.
"When you have grasped me, I shall not be there!"
Apollo smiled. "Ah, that we soon shall see!"
And, as she fled, he followed laughingly
Up through the woodland; in the soft June air
His hand reached out and touched her loosened hair
And with it the dark leaves of some low tree.
"Stop! I have caught you! Wherefore all those sighs?
Stop!" But she stood there motionless until
Body turned bush before his startled eyes;
Flesh fell to flowers that pinked the rocky hill!
"Gaze on it, man; but gathered, my beauty dies!"
Thus, from the laurel, a voice comes pleading still!

This winter...see miles of flowers in bloom

...a vacation thrill for you in Santa Barbara County, California





Outdoor sports all winter

Palms and the Pacific

Flower fields of Santa Maria Valley . . . sand dunes in the distance

HERE's a vista of flaming color you'll remember a lifetime . . . just one of many thrills that await you this winter in Santa Barbara County. Sixty per cent of the nation's flower seeds are produced here in the color-splashed Santa Maria, Lompoc and Guadalupe regions. Glorious acres of brilliant hues vie with the blue of the ocean and sky for your attention . . . while you motor over the smooth highway winding down the coast between the friendly Pacific's shore and sheer mountain cliffs, to lovely Santa Barbara.

Play golf in day-long sunshine . . . watch international polo stars in action . . . drive and hunt in Santa Barbara National Forest . . . enjoy every sport. Sail across smooth ocean waters to picturesque Channel Islands 30 miles away. Motor through Montecito, noted for its gentlemen's estates. Explore historic Santa Barbara Mission . . . see homes famed 'round the world—and public buildings like castles in Spain—reflect the architecture and spirit of the Days of the Dons.

Less than three hours down the coast is Los Angeles, the nation's fifth city. Nearby are glamorous Hollywood . . . Pasadena . . . Beverly Hills . . . Long Beach . . . Old Mexico not far away . . . a score of other famous places to see and things to do that offer the elements of half-a-dozen vacations in one. You can stay six months and do something different every day. Or, if time is limited, even a two-weeks vacation, from most parts of the country, gives you eleven days actually here, plus the interesting journey out and back through the scenic, historic West.

Another attractive feature of a Southern California vacation, appreciated by those who come here regularly, is the fact that costs are surprisingly moderate. Because Southern California is a year 'round vacation land, you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. In fact, government figures show basic living costs here are less than the national average.* You can play here all winter long and spend no more than at home!

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Patio of an Old Spanish Mission

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Why Million-Dollar Insurance Policies Are Popular

THAT'S AN IMPRESSIVE LIST of people carrying anywhere from one million to seven million dollars' worth of life insurance that *The Spectator* prints.

And it is presented as something more than entertainment for the curious reader, because the New York insurance weekly which prints it goes on to tell why men of large means, whose families are probably well provided for, think it necessary to carry such heavy life insurance.

Millionaire policyholders, we are told, are becoming more and more numerous.

Some of the reasons why heavy life insurance is recommended to the ultra-rich are briefly stated in *The Spectator* by Mr. K. H. Mathus of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company:

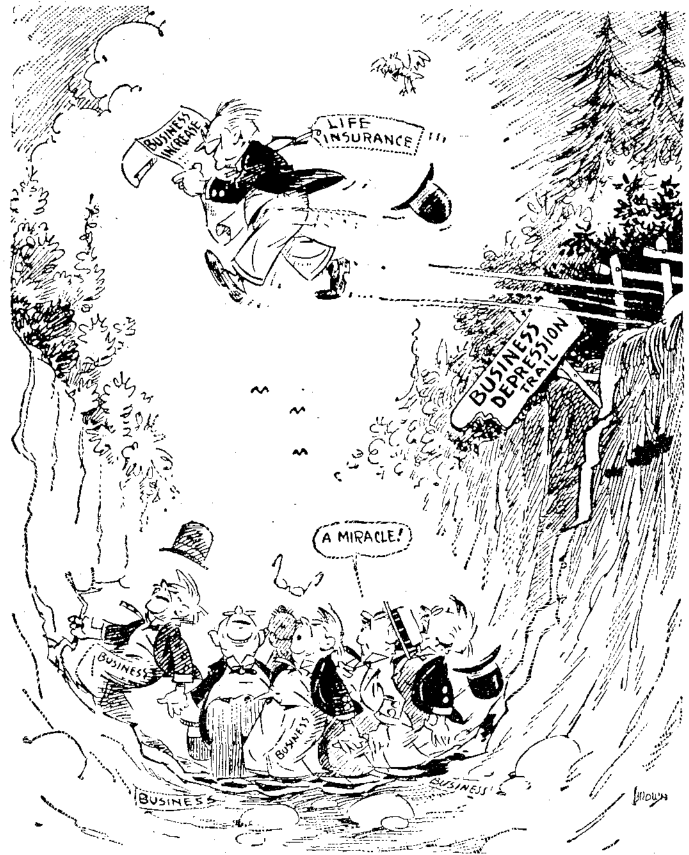
> (1) Adequate life insurance assures the policyholder's family immediate cash just at the time they may need it most. In other words, the emergency (death of the husband) that creates need of cash funds promptly and automatically creates the funds to supply those needs. This means that there need be no forced sale of securities to secure immediate cash.
>
> (2) Adequate life insurance may result in savings in State and Federal taxes.
>
> (3) Adequate life insurance enables a man, if he wishes, to invest more heavily in the speculative market, or to take a flier occasionally for the chance of a big return, when he knows that he has a bed-rock of life-insurance protection for his family, come what may. Recent history is full of examples of how fortunes running into many millions have been lost in a few days.
>
> A corporation or partnership owning a large line of life insurance for business purposes enjoys advantages that are becoming increasingly popular.
>
> Business insurance can not replace a "key" man, such as a valuable officer, a successful sales manager, or an inventor or "creative" member of the organization. But it can provide an adequate financial indemnity upon their deaths, so that the company, rather than being left entirely in the lurch, has an influx of many thousand dollars in cash at the crucial moment. This acts as a stabilizer and replaces the loss financially until new and desirable man-power can be obtained.

AMONG the millionaire policyholders—some of whose names are listed farther on—is Irenee DuPont, who gives this reason to *The Spectator* for carrying upwards of $1,000,000 in insurance:

> I classify inheritance taxes as a debt which becomes due within a year after death, consequently, to avoid possible embarrassment to my executors, I have provided funds available in cash for the purpose of paying inheritance taxes on my estate.

Adolph Zukor, the motion-picture magnate, makes this pertinent observation—it comes from a man carrying $5,000,000 insurance:

> The events of the past year have proven the value of a fund free from the hazards of trade, and the risks of speculation. Such a fund is best represented by a life-insurance policy.



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They Never Pay Much Attention to Signs

—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

Mr. C. S. Mott, of General Motors, who is almost as heavily insured, points out that some of the insurance money is to protect his children, some is for the benefit of a charitable organization in which he is interested, while "other insurance is for the purpose of providing income to certain parties who are being otherwise taken care of during my life, but whom I desire to take care of after my death without the necessity of this matter passing through the formality of a will and probate court."

Of course, we haven't room to print the entire list of 364 persons named by *The Spectator* as carrying more than $1,000,000 in life insurance, but here are those who carry more than $2,500,000:

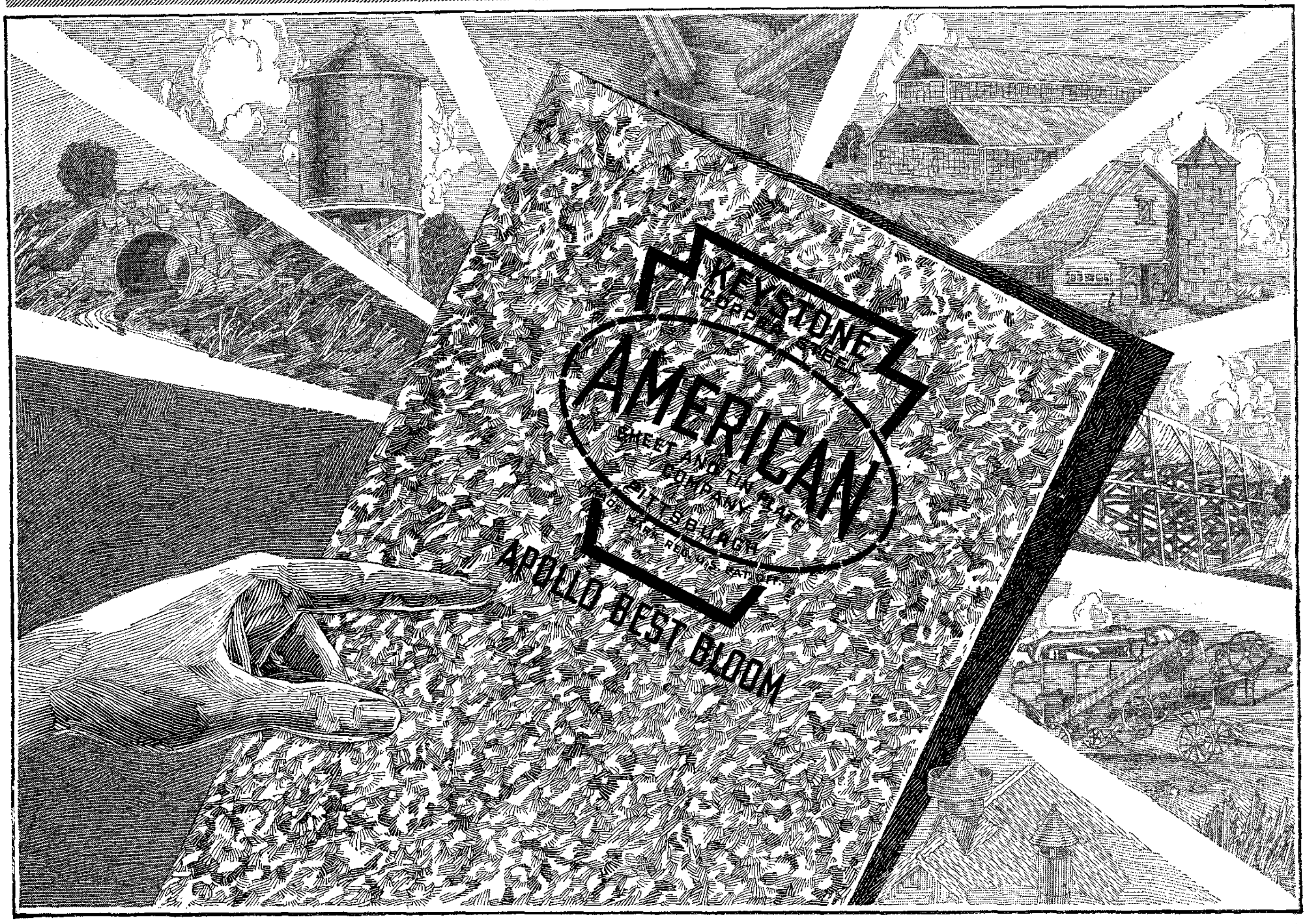
Pierre S. Du Pont, Wilmington, Del.	$7,000,000
John C. Martin, Philadelphia, Pa.	*6,540,000
William Fox, New York, N. Y.	*6,500,000
Herbert L. Dillon, New York, N. Y. . . . over	6,000,000
Frederick B. Patterson, Dayton, Ohio	*5,480,500
Joseph M. Schenck, New York, N. Y.	*5,250,000
Jesse Lasky, New York, N. Y.	*5,000,000
Adolph Zukor, New York, N. Y.	*5,000,000
Frank P. Book, Detroit, Mich.	*5,000,000
Herbert V. Book, Detroit, Mich.	*5,000,000
J. Burgess Book, Detroit, Mich.	*5,000,000
James H. Rand, Jr., Buffalo, N. Y.	*5,000,000
William Ziegler, New York, N. Y.	*4,500,000
Charles Stewart Mott Foundation, Detroit, Mich.	4,356,500
Ralph Jonas, Brooklyn, N. Y.	4,290,000
Marshall Field III, Chicago, Ill., and New York . . . over	4,000,000
C. F. Kettering, Dayton, Ohio	*4,027,370
William R. Coe, New York, N. Y.	4,000,000
T. E. Hambleton, Baltimore, Md.	4,000,000
A. H. Landwehr, Holland, Mich.	3,850,000
Snellenburg & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.	†3,500,000
Mrs. Henry E. Yeiser, Cincinnati, Ohio	3,250,000
James M. Hoyt, New York, N. Y.	3,175,000
Benjamin Winter, New York, N. Y.	3,100,000
Joseph P. Day, New York, N. Y.	3,050,000
Jay C. Hills, Chicago, Ill., and Boston, Mass.	3,022,000
Floyd L. Carlisle, New York, N. Y. . . . over	3,000,000
Herbert J. Yates, New York, N. Y. . . . over	*3,000,000
Edward M. Harris, Philadelphia, Pa.	3,000,000
Rogers Caldwell, New York, N. Y., and Nashville, Tenn.	3,000,000
James A. Chapman, Tulsa, Okla.	3,000,000
Dr. Nicholas C. Partos, New York, N. Y.	*3,000,000
Charles Webb's Sons, Philadelphia, Pa.	3,000,000
Julius Fleischman, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio	3,000,000
Percy A. Rockefeller, New York, N. Y.	3,000,000
Mrs. Mollie Newbury, Chicago, Ill.	†3,000,000
Mrs. E. G. Burkham, St. Louis, Mo.	3,000,000
James C. Penney, New York, N. Y.	*2,830,000
Joshua Cosden, Baltimore, Md., and New York, N. Y.	2,804,000
Motty Eitingon, New York, N. Y.	*2,510,000

*Includes business insurance. †Business insurance.

Among some of the well-known names further along in the list are those of Samuel L. Rothafel, "Roxy"; John Barrymore, the actor; Charence H. Mackay; Julius Rosenwald; John N. Willys; Louis F. Swift; Cecil B. DeMille; Charles E. Mitchell, the banker; William Wrigley; Waite Phillips, oil magnate; Otis

(*Continued on page 56*)

AMERICAN



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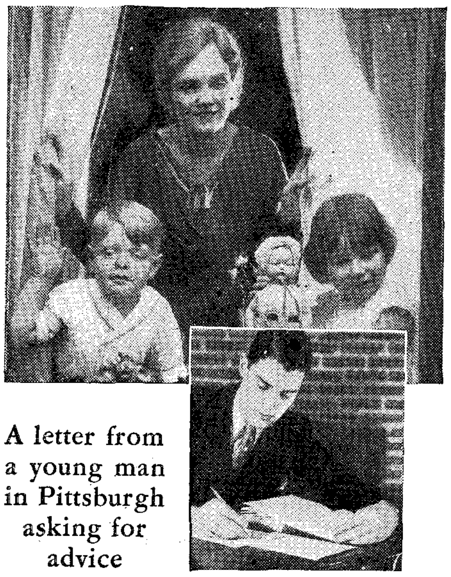
"I regard it
as a sacred duty
to these loved ones
to lay the foundation
for an estate"



A letter from
a young man
in Pittsburgh
asking for
advice

"WITHIN the next ninety days," writes Mr. F——, "I expect to have about $6,000 through the sale of some inherited property. We have two small children, a girl of five and a little boy of three. I regard it as a sacred duty to these loved ones to use this money in laying the foundation for an estate. My salary is $500 a month which I hope will grow."

This is the kind of problem that interests us particularly. And we have suggested for this young man, after a careful consideration of his individual needs, a definite investment program . . . one which will, we believe, not only safeguard his principal but also provide attractive possibilities of profit. Thus $6,000 can very well be made the nucleus of an estate.

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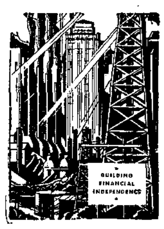

(*Continued from page 54*)

Skinner, the actor; Harvey S. Firestone, tire manufacturer; Bernard M. Baruch; James M. Cox, one-time Democratic candidate for President; Douglas Fairbanks; Samuel Insull; Al Jolson; John McCormack; Bernarr McFadden; Mary Pickford; Eddie Rickenbacker; Will Rogers; Norma Talmadge; S. M. Vauclain, locomotive manufacturer; Eric von Stroheim.

BUT some of us who are out of the millionaire class may wonder how much life insurance we might be expected to carry in proportion to our own incomes. And for our benefit *The Spectator* presents in the same issue what it thinks might be considered a reasonable percentage of income to be devoted to life-insurance premiums. Here is the tabulation, which is credited to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York:

A REASONABLE PERCENTAGE OF INCOME TO DEVOTE TO LIFE INSURANCE

Annual Income	*Percentage*	*Outlay*	
$1,000	2—3½	$20.00	$35.00
1,200	3—4½	36.00	54.00
1,500	3½—5	52.00	75.00
1,800	4—5½	72.00	99.00
2,000	4½—6	90.00	120.00
2,500	5—6½	125.00	162.50
3,000	5½—7	165.00	210.00
3,500	6—8½	210.00	297.50
4,000	6½—9	260.00	360.00
4,500	7—9½	315.00	427.50
5,000	7½—10	375.00	500.00
6,000	8—10	480.00	600.00
7,500	8—10	600.00	750.00
10,000	6—10	600.00	*1,000.00

*Over $10,000 the percentages will be less, tho the amount will increase.

$5,000 a Year as the Ideal Income

WHAT is the ideal income? There we have a question, and it is no wonder that it is difficult to get a unanimous agreement on it.

They have been discussing it hot and heavy in England, with George Bernard Shaw putting the ideal annual income at £400 a year. Mr. Shaw, as Gladys Oaks reminds us in the New York *World*, is a vegetarian. Lady Duff Gordon put her ideal at £6,000. The London *Herald*, which put the question of the ideal income to a number of representative English men and women, lumped their answers together, gets an average somewhere between $2,000 and $2,500 a year.

But what would the ideal income in this country be? For the benefit of New York *World* readers, Gladys Oaks decided to interview two persons who might be considered authorities. One was Edward A. Richards, president of the East New York Savings Bank, and the other Miss Mary Armstrong, formerly an official in a gas company, and now devoting her time to community activities.

Of course, the two agreed at once that the ideal income would differ with the individual. But the banker had been

Momentum

MOMENTUM means mass speed ahead. In business it depends on a nice balance of quantity in production and velocity in sales. How *much*—how *quick*. Reduce either of these factors, put one out of balance with the other, and momentum is lost.

In any *continuous* forward movement of business, momentum, like success, gains power on its own impetus. Curb it and business lags.

Modern Accountancy, in principle, is a basic necessity to business momentum. As a *fact*, it is the essential oil for smooth, unhindered movement. Organization is visionless without its dependable facts and figures. Its business budget, its protective costs, its system, knowledge, control—are all vital factors to the easy running of material things.

But *most* important, Modern Accountancy is the inspiration, in any business, to *mental* momentum — the orderly, continuous speed-ahead of fearless, constructive thought.

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working out an income which would allow a family of four to live comfortably, educate the two children, and save reasonably. Of course, locality makes a difference. Mr. Richards explained:

> Let's begin with a big city like New York. No fixt income is ideal, but I should say $5,000 a year, with a future that promised more, was a fairly perfect figure for a family of mother, father, and two children.
>
> On this sum they could live comfortably, provide an education for the kids, and save a fair amount. Five hundred dollars should be the minimum increase for every new child, and $1,000 increase is nearer ideal.
>
> And you may cut all these estimates just about in half if your family lives in a town under 30,000 population.

Then Miss Armstrong, thinking "in terms of the single woman," observed that "including going places and seeing things and living well as I need to, I should estimate my material circumstances for perfect comfort at about $4,500 a year."

The banker Richards would place the ideal income for a single person at about $1,000. But a good deal, he added, depends on how much one wants to save—

> Too much saving is to be deplored. To live well and to make more constantly, to let the desire for opulent living act as a spur to the earning capacity seems to me part of the American ideal.

At which point the banker offered this table, showing how three men, Messrs. Tightwad, Spendthrift, and Thriftyman, divide their incomes:

	Tightwad	*Spendthrift*	*Thrifty-Man*
Living expenses	37	58	50
Education	1	1	10
Giving	1	1	10
Recreation	1	40	10
Saves	60	0	20
Total	100	100	100

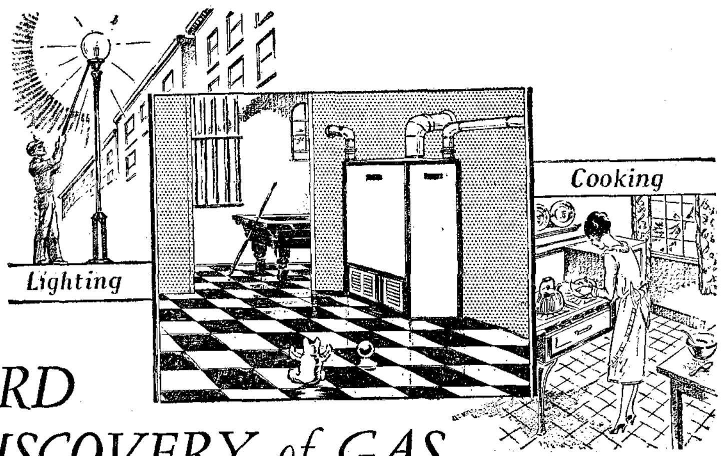
And then the writer for *The World* discovered Miss Armstrong and Mr. Richards agreeing emphatically that the best place for a baby to be brought up in would be a middle-class American family with a $5,000-a-year income.

The question of how much money people must have to get along at all came up, and Mr. Richards found his bank estimating that "no man should marry on less than $1,800 a year; the average man and woman can live decently and save in an American city on not much less than that." The banker would include in the middle class small families with incomes between $1,800 and $2,400 a year.

Another question came up—at what income does actual poverty start? Mr. Richards would put the poverty line at $1,000 a year for a family.

And Miss Armstrong had the last word:

> Let me just say that, according to the latest reports of the Bureau of Economic Research, made in 1927, the average income of the American worker, and this, of course, includes family men as well as single ones, is only $1,205 a year!



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Boy Who Made Good.—"Has Harry traveled much?"

"Has he! He's been to half the places on his suit-case labels."—*Overseas.*

Admires Himself.—Confidential personal counselor, with Lincoln's inspiration and spirit of charity, offers his services.—"Ad" in New York *World.* No use. We're looking for one with Lincoln's modesty.—*Life.*

Something Else Again.—"What is your brother in college?"

"A half-back."

"I mean in studies."

"Oh, in studies, he's away back."—*Montreal Star.*

Job's Comforter.—"Have you seen how Slaminoff, the critic, has massacred my last painting?"

"Don't mind him—he just repeats, like a parrot, what everyone else is saying."—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Physiology Lesson.—Hortense—"And have you seen the working of her splendid heart?"

Montrose—"Well—er—practically—now that she is wearing such extreme gowns."—*New Bedford Standard.*

Make Him a Night Watchman.—The young son of a preacher confided to his father recently that he had decided not to look forward to the ministry, for as he had been noting, "ministers have to stand up too much."—*Presbyterian Advance.*

When Patience Counts.—"Papa, is this a camel's hair brush?"

"Yes, my child, that's a camel's hair brush."

"Golly, papa, it must take him a terrible long time to brush himself."—*Springfield Union.*

Those Luscious Accents.—Wife—"John, is it true that money talks?"

Husband—"That's what they say, my dear."

"Well, I wish you'd leave a little here to talk to me during the day. I get so lonely."—*Bennington Banner.*

Taking His Medicine. — Cautious Father—"My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Easie. He really and truly loves you."

Daughter—"How do you know that, dad?"

Cautious Father—"Because I've been borrowing money off him for six months, and still he keeps coming."—*Inverness Courier.*

Pleasure Is Mutual.—A woman in the suburbs was chatting over the back fence with her next-door neighbor: "We're going to live in a better neighborhood soon," she said.

"So are we," volunteered Mrs. Next-door, confidently.

"What? Are you moving, too?"

"No, we are staying here."—*Our Paper, quoted by the Humorist.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Pass the Soap.—A young woman wants washing or cleaning daily.—*Ad in the Toronto Daily Star.*

Tasty Tailoring.—A gray coat for fall has a gray alligator pear, sliced tomatoes, and water cress, served with a tart French dressing.—*Spokane (Wash.) Press.*

Kidnaped.—

PRINCESS, 37, WEDS
MAN 30 YEARS JUNIOR
—*Middletown (Conn.) paper.*

Keep It Dark.—Lord D— has a face that would mark him anywhere as a man of high culture and attainments, if his identity were unknown.—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Stormy Petrel.—Mrs. Mabel W. Willebrandt flying from New York to Washington made a forced landing at the Burlington Aero Club field during a severe election storm.—*New Orleans States.*

P'raps He Pinched It.—While trimming a cottonwood tree Monday, M. T. Cummings suffered a severe blow on his head, when a large branch turned and struck him.—*Omaha World Herald.*

"Speak, Speak, Thou Fearful Guest."—

SKELETON OF
ONE SURVIVOR
IS QUESTIONED
—*St. Louis Times.*

Like a Giant Refreshed.—The tropical hurricane which virtually demolished Santo Domingo several years ago turned up along the North Carolina coast to-day, with revived strength.—*Toronto Daily Star.*

Pop's Waterloo.—"Children See Their Dad Give Up $1,500 to Hold-up Men," says a head-line. And the Kansas City *Star* says it supposes they'll run home and tell mother just how it was done.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

Job for a Joshua.—Prof. S. A. Mitchell, University of Virginia, left San Francisco yesterday for Nuiafou, in the American expedition there to view the Tongan Island where he will direct the sun's eclipse.—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

Standing Pat. — General, all-round manager wishes responsible position; can navigate steam, gasoline and sail vessels, act as chauffeur, expert on poultry and incubation, can handle help; will leave honesty to others. — *Ad in the Rural New Yorker.*

Revising the Census—"The unemployed!"—startling news about them today!—250,508,151 persons out of a job, able to work, and looking for it in the United States. And that does not mean all of them, either. Probably there are twice that many.—*De Land (Fla.) paper.*